Dauids

Psalter/diligently and
faithfully trãslated by
George Joye/with bre-
if Argumentes before e-
uery Psalme/ declarin-
ge ther effecte
therof.

Hum: Dyson

Psalme. cxix.

A - 7 - 42

Lorde/delyuer me from
lyinge lippes/ãd from
a deceitful tonge.

¶The Argument.

¶The deſcription & prayſe of the Godly: the vngodlye ſetforthe agenſt him.

OH/ how bleſſed is the man / that goith not to counſail with the vngodlye: nor abydeth not in the waye of the wiked/nether ſitteth not downe in the chaier with the peruerſe peſtelent ſkorners.

But delyteth in the lawe of the Lorde: and in it/hathe his meditacion daye and night.

This man is lyke the tree plãted by the ryuer ſyde: whiche yildeth forth her frute in her tyme.

Whoſe leaues fal not downe: all hir frute plentuouſly proſpereth.

But contrarye wyſe it cometh vnto the vngodly: for thei be lyke the duſte diſperſed of the winde.

Wherfore/the ſynfull vngodlye: maye not lyue in the felowſhippe and congregacion of the iuſte.

For as the waye of the iuſte pleaſeth the Lorde: euen ſo dothe the waye of the vngodly periſhe.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A prophecye of Criſte to be annoynted kinge ouer the Gentilis: But firſt the furiouſe vprore and vayne enforcements of hys enymes both of Gentyles and Iwes is deſcribed.

SE how the gentils grinne: ſe how the people enforce al in vaine.

The kynges of the worlde runne togither: and the cheiftens ſwarme on heapis agenſt the lorde and his anoynted .

Sainge/let vs breke their bondes and caſt of their yokis from vs.

But he that dwelleth in heauen derideth them: it is the lorde that ſkorneth them.

In his furiouſe wrathe therfore: thus he troubleth and ſpeketh vnto them.

I ſhal verely anoint my kynge: ouer zion my holy hill

I ſhal enſtruck him in the lawe of the lorde: and euen thus do I affirme of him/Thou art my ſonne/this daye haue I begoten the.

Aſke of me/ād I ſhal geue the the gentils for thyne enheritaunce: & euen the vttermoſte cooſtes of the worlde ſhall be thy nowne poſſeſſion.

Whom thou ſhalt correcke with an yerne ſtaffe: and breke lyke an erthen veſſel.

Wherfore ye kynges ſe that ye be wyſe: and receiue diſciplyne/ O iuges of the erthe.

That ye maye geue the lorde his honour: ⁊ ſerue him ioyouſly with reuerent feare.

And that ye maye embraſe the ſonne/ leſt he beinge wrath/ ye periſhe for your miſcheif.

For his anger ſhalbe ſhortly kindled: and then/ oh how bleſſed are thei that truſte in him.

¶ The Title of the Pſalme.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid as touchinge the fleinge from his ſonne Abſalon. ii. Reg. xv. xvi. ⁊c.

¶ Domine quid. Pſal. 3.

What a multitude are thei (oh Lorde) that trouble me? what a mayney make inſurreccion agenſt me?

What a multitude are thei/ that thus ſaye by me? God wyll neuer helpe nor ſaue him. *Sela.

*No more he wil

When it is thou lorde that fighteſt for me: euen my glory whiche lifteſt vp my hed.

I crye therfore lowd vnto the lorde: and he hereth me from his holy hil.

And now I laye my ſelfe downe to ſlepe: and the lorde ſuſtayninge me/ I ryſe agene.

I fere not thouſandis of the people/ althoughe thei cloſe me in rownd about.

For thou lorde my god ſhalt ſtepe forthe to ſaue me: thou ſhalt ſmyte the chawues of all my enemes and breke to pouldre the tethe of the vngodly.

Helth and ſaluacion are thyne oh Lorde: power forth therfore thy goodnes vpon thy peple.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.4.

Dauids ſonge adhortatorye playd vpon the muſik inſtruments.

¶ The Argument.

¶ An exhortacion vnto godlynes and innocēcye/ the vngodly are blamed/ and the felicite of the godly is declared.

OH god my rightwiſnes which hereſt me cryinge vnto the: & beinge in diſtreſſe thou ſetteſt me forth at large / haue mercy vpon me and here my prayer.

O men mortal/ howe longe (my gloriouſe maieſtye cōtempned) wil ye loue lyes ⁊ ſeke vanite: *Sela euer:

Whem wyll ye acknowlege that the Lorde delyuerth whom he loueth: the lorde/when I crye vpon him he hereth me.

Trimble for fere and ſinne not: betake your ſelues to ſwete meditacions yn youre beddys wythe ſilence.

Offre vp the ſacrifices of innocencye: and truſte vnto the Lorde.

This multitude was wont to ſaye/who wil do vs good: whē it is euen thou Lorde / whiche haſt expreſſed the light of thy preſence vpon vs.

Wherby thou haſt powred a greter gladnes into my hert/ then thei can haue in all the riche encreſe of their wheat and wyne.

In ſauegarde therfore and peace ſhal I lye downe & ſlepe: for thou lorde onely geueſt me a ſuer habitacion.

¶ The Title of the Psalme.

¶ Dauid his ſonge adhortatorye/ concerninge the heretages.

¶ The Argument.

¶ The deſcription of two heretages/and the ende of ether of them.

Heare my wordis lorde: and vnderſtande my thought.

Attende vnto the voyce of my cryinge/ oh kynge ād my God: Ffor before the I make my ſupplicacion.

Erly in the morninge here my voice Lorde: for erly dreſſe I my ſelfe vnto the in my contemplacion.

For thou arte God/whom no vngodlynes pleſethe: with whõ the maligne dwelleth not.

In thy preſens the violent abydeth not: thou hateſt al workers of myſcheif.

Thou deſtroyeſt lyers: blodye ãd fraudelent thou aborreſt oh lorde

But I/animated with thy manyfolde goodnes / am comen vnto thy houſſe: I adoure in thy holy temple/reuerently feringe the.

Lede me lorde in thy rightewiſenes defenſes from my aduerſaries: and prepare thy waye before me.

For the trwthe is not in their mouthes/they are corrupted within: their throte is an open graue/ but with their tongue thei flater.

Dampne them o god/let them fal

at their owne counſails/caſt them out for their owne manifolde myſcheif/ for they are rebellious agenſt the.

But contrarye wyſe/al men mought reioyſe that truſte in the: they mought euermore be glad/thou beinge their defender.

Thei mought reioyſe all in the: which worſhip thy name.

For thou lorde art gracious vnto the iuſte:and with thy fauour defendeſt him as with a bukler.

¶ The Title of the Pſal 6.

¶ The ſonge adhortatorye of Dauid playd of the ten ſtringed inſtrument.

¶ The Argument.

¶ Longanimite prayth/ complayninge her deſier to be differred/but at the laſt ſhe geueth thankis for that ſhe is herde/and that her enimes begin to be confounded

LOrde/rebuke me not I praye the in thy wrathe: nether chaſtiſe me not in thyne anger.

Haue mercy on me Lorde / for I am ſike: hele me/Lorde/for I am al in deſpayre.

For euen my ſoule is greuouſly tempted: but thou lorde/ how longe ceaſſeſt?

Tourne the Lorde to delyuer my ſoule: & ſaue me for thy goodnes.

For amonge the dampned/ther is none that remēber the: in hel who is he (thinkeſte thou) that cā prayſe the?

I labour in wailinge / I waſſhe my bed euery night: and wet my pillowe with my teris.

My ſyght ys loſte withe heuye

moorninge: I am withered vp amonge ſo many myne enymes.

But now ye ſhall auoyde fro me/ o al ye ſinneful: for it is the Lorde that hath herde the noyſe of my wepinge.

The lorde hath herde me his ſuppliaunt: the Lorde hath receiued my prayer.

Thei ſhalbe ſhamed & ſore troubled al that are my enemyes: they ſhalbe turned backe and confounded ſodenly.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.

¶ Thindignacion of Dauid/ which he ſange vpon the facte of Chus the ſonne of Iemini.

¶ The Argument.

¶ He teſtifieth his innocencye/ he commytteth his iniurye vnto the rightwyſe iuge/ and ſheweth hym not to ſlepe.

Pſal.7 Domine Deus meus.

Lorde my god/ in the do I truſte: ſaue me from al that perſecute me/ & delyuer me.

Leſt they raueſſh & tere me in peſis lyke a lyō: for ther is none els to delyuer me.

Lorde my god/ if I did this thinge: if this faute be founde in me:

If I haue hurted them agen that hurted me: If I haue vniuſtely ſpoyled myn enemye:

Then let my enemie perſuwe me and take me/ and trede me downe vnder his fete: ye let hym thruſte my glorye in to the dirte. *Sela.

*Let him ſo do

Aryſe and be borne vp lorde with thy wrath and indignacion agenſte my aduerſaries/ and performe that vengeaunce that thou haſt promyſed.

That the congregacion of the peple mought be gathered togither: euen for their ſakes / yet be thou exalted agene.

Oh lorde the auēger of the peple auēge me accordinge to myne innocencye and pure lyuinge.

Ceaſſe (I praye the) the malignite of the vngodly: vnderſette the iuſte / oh rightwyſe god enſeer of hertis and raynes.

As for my ſuernes I referre it to god / of whom I receiue it: whiche preſerueth the right in herte.

God thauenger is iuſte: god threteneth at al tymes.

If we turne not / lo / he ſhaketh his ſwerde: he bendeth his bowe redye to ſhote.

He recheth him his weapens redye to ſlaye: he heateth his arowe head is the more greuouſly to wounde.

Lo/this aduerſarye traueleth groninge forth a monſter: for he hath conceiued labourouſe afflicciō/& wil be delyuered of a lye.

He hath cutforth and digged vp a dyke: and is fallen into his owne pitte.

For his owne miſerable miſcheif ſhal fal into his owne necke/and his heuye miſerye ſhal light vpon his owne head.

I thanke the Lorde for his rightwiſnes: and I ſhal prayſe the name of the lorde whiche of al is the higheſt.

¶The Title of the Psal.8.

¶The ſonge adhortatorye of Dauid to geue thankys at theyr wyne preſſinge or grapes gatheringe

LOrde/oure lorde/ how meruelous is thy maieſtye throwout al the erthe: whiche extolleth thy prayſe vnto the ſtarres.

Which prayſe and ſtrength with al/thou haſt put euen into the mouthes of ſoukinge infantis: in that thou ledeſt awaye captyue thy enymes and takeſt vengeance of thy aduerſaryes.

When I cōſyder the heuens the worke of thy fingers: the mone and ſtarris whyche thou haſte made:

Then thinke I/oh what a creature is man that thou thus rememberſt him: what thinge is mā mortal that thou thus regardeſt him:

Thou haſt made him but lytel inferiour vnto god: thou haſt crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou haſt made him lorde ouer the workes of thy handis: and ſubdewed al thinges vnto his fete.

Both ſhepe and al oxen: withe al the beaſtes of the felde.

Fowlis of the ayer / fiſſhes of the ſea: and what ſoeuer ſwymmeth there yn.

Oh lorde / our lorde / how merueulouſe is thy gloriouſe maieſtie thorow out al the erthe.

¶ The Title of the Pſalme.

¶ The ſonge adhortatorye of Dauid / called the encreaſe of the ſonne

¶ The Argument.

¶ The thankis geuinge of Dauid which here for his exaltacion and reſtoringe vnto his ſeat royal prayſeth god.

Pſal.9. Confitebor tibi.

I Shall prayſe the (Oh Lorde) with al my herte: ād preche forth thy meruelouſe factis.

I ſhalbe glad and reioyſe in the/ magnifyinge thy name ryght highelye.

Becauſe myne enemye is fled backe: he is fallen ād deſtroyd by thy power.

For thou haſt delyuered me ⁊ geue ſentence withe me/ ſettinge me at laſt in my ſeate royal / oh iuſte iuge.

Thou holdeſt downe the haithen thou deſtroyeſt the wicked/ ⁊ quēcheſt their name for euer.

Thou takeſt awaye clene the harde and ſharpe weapēs of our enimys / thou cutteſt awaye cytes:

that with their fall their name be forgoten.

But the Lorde raigneth euerlaſtinge: which hath prepared his seat roial to obſerue equite.

He tempereth the worlde with rightwiſnes: and miniſtreth trwe iugement vnto the peple.

The lorde is a ſalfe ſanctuary to the oppreſſed/and a refugye in the tyme of diſtreſſe.

And for this cauſe/al that knowe thy name cleaue vnto the: for thou forſakeſt thē not that ſeke the (oh lorde.

Praiſe the Lorde which dwelleth in zion: put the peple in mynde of his counſels.

For he holdeth in mynde the blōde of the oppreſſed: he enquireth for it/he forgeteth not their cry. He

Lorde thou art mercifull / and intent vnto the trouble done to me of my enemyes: and thou delyuereſt me from the power of deth.

That I might laye forth thy hyghe prayſe in zion: and reioyſe yn thy ſauinge helth.

When euen cōtrarye / the heithen be drowned in their owne miſcheif / which thei inuented: and their fete taken in their owne nette which thei haue bente.

The lorde maketh his iugement knowne: in that he trappeth the ſynner taken in his owne ſnare.

*Sela. Oh / prayſe worthy perpetuall.

*So he doth.

The vngodly go their waye vnto hel / & all heithen that forget god.

But the poore adflicte ſhal neuer be forgoten: nether ſhall the expectacion of theſe poore forſaken be fruſtrate.

Aryſe lorde that this man preuayle not: let theſe haithen be condempned before the.

Smyte them with ſoden feare/that thei might knowe them ſelues to be but men mortal. *Selah. *So do.

Psal.x. after the Hebrwe

HOw now happeneth it oh lorde that thou art gone away ſo farre frō vs: wilt thou be hid in tyme of anyte ād affliccion?

The poore periſſheth at the wealy pryde of the vngodly: Oh wolde god thei were once taken in their owne conſpyriſons which thei ſo craftely conſpire.

The vngodly maketh a gaude at

the fulfillinge of his miſcheuous entent: the thefe and he that blaſphemeth the lorde are prayſed.

This vngodlye is ſo proude that he regardeth nether his thefte nor blaſphemy: for in all his myſcheuous deuyſes/he thinketh not once of god.

Al his wayes at all tyme are prophane/ thy iugementes are taken out of his ſight / all his enemyes he contempneth.

For euē thus hath he determined withe him ſelfe: I wyll paſſe ouer no tyme without malyce and myſcheif.

His execrable mouth is ful of curſinge/fraude & deſaite: Vnder hys tongue there ſitteth miſerable affliccion and heuy miſerye.

He laith awayte euer wyth out-for londe and towne / he hunteth preuely to ſlaye the innocent / his eyes are ſet faſte vppon the goers fore bye.

He layeth awayte bente lyke a lyō at the mouthe of his denne/ he waytethe to robbe the poore/to ſouke him vp drawne into his nette.

He ſmyteth him / he maketh hym ful feble and weake: & caſteth downe with his tyrannye the goers forebye.

For thus thinketh he: god knoweth it not / for he tourneth awaye his face and wil neuer ſe it.

But Lorde god therfore aryſe: ſtretche forth thy hande / and forget not theſe poore oppreſſed.

Wherfore ſhal the vngodly contempne god: & thinke in his herte that thou careſt not/nor regardeſt

not our affliccion?
Se therfore and loke vpon it: for
thou art he that conſydereſt oure
heuye and ſorowful affliccion

Our enemyes with our greuous
iniurye mought be taken vp into
thy hande: vnto thy ſoucour is lef
te the poore ſely forſaken/ thou hel
peſt the ſoucourleſſe.

Breke the ſtrength of the malici-
ouſe vngodlye: that he myght pe-
riſſhe togither with his owne vn-
godlynes.

It is the lorde that abydeth kyn-
ge for euer: when al heithen periſ-
ſhe frome out of the erthe.

Here (Lorde) the deſyer of the po
re afflicte: geue eare vnto their br
ſtes.

Auenge the pore ſely forſaken: le
ſte this mortal man here after be

ſo bolde as thus cruellye agen to oppreſſe him.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.

¶ The exhortacion of Dauid.

¶ The Argument.

¶ As conſtāt faith is neuer without temptacion/ſo is it neuer ouercome.

My cōfidence is in the lorde. How then now ſhal ye ſaye vnto me/ get the hence anon ſwyftlyer then the byrde into the hilles?

For lo/ the vngodlye bende their bowe and ſet their arows theryn preuely to ſmyte the pure in herte vtterly to deſtroye them: ād whother ſhal the iuſte turne him ſelfe to go?

The lorde that is in his holy tem-

ple:the lorde whoſe ſeat royall
in heuen loketh vpon this: he ſe
cheth and beholdeth narowly the
ſonnes of men.

The lorde beholdeth the rightu
ouſe/but the ſinful vngodly he
terly hateth.

He rayneth ſnaris vpon ſinners
fyer/brimſtone/ſtorme and tempe
ſte are the cuppe that he geueth
them to drinke.

For the rightwyſe Lorde loueth
rightwiſnes:his chere is intent
and geuen to equite.

¶ The Title of the Pſal. 12.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid adhortat
rye to be ſunge at the muſik inſtru
ment.

¶ The Argument

He complaineth of the open vnfa
ithful delinge. He prayeth for the
deſtruccion of the vnfaithful & fa

echirch/becauſe that where ſo rei
gne theſe vayne vngodlye / there
re all full of myſcheyf/ and wyc-
cednes.

LOrde helpe: for holy-
nes is loſt: faithfulnes
is gone from the chyl-
derne of men.

Thei be but vayne lyes that one
elleth another: it is but flaterye &
lauerye ſpeche that euery herte
magineth.

The lorde mought cut al theſe fl-
ateringe tongues out of their pr-
ude mouthes:

Which ſaye/let vs ſtablyſſh with
utorite oure owne tõgues: let vs
ſteke to our owne lippes: and then
who ſhalbe lordis ouer vs?

For the calamite of the oppreſſed
nd wailinge of the poore/ I will

aryſe ſaith the lorde/I ſhal reſtore him to helthe and reuyue him.

The ſpeches of the Lorde are pure ſpeches/purified ād purged by fyer from the erthe/melted & tryed vnto the vttermoſt.

Thou Lorde therfore holde them from vs:kepe vs for euer frō this kinde of men.

For al are ful of the vngodly/where vanite is exalted amonge the children of men.

¶ The Title of the Pſal. 13.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid adhortatorye.

¶ The Argument.

¶ The prayer of a pacyently longe ſufferer

¶ Vſquequo domine. Pſal. 13.

HOwe longe wilt thou forget me (lorde? wilte thou forget me for euer? howe longe wilt thou hyd thy face from me?

How longe ſhall I reuolue thoughtis in my mynde? howe longe ſhal this laborouſe heuynes waaſte my herte? how longe ſhal this enemye be exalted ouer me?

Beholde and helpe lorde god: illumine my eyes/ leſt I ſlepe in deth.

And let not myne enemye ſaye / I preuailed agenſt him: leſt if I be moued from my place/ my troublouſe aduerſaries reioyſe.

ffor I wil cleue vnto thy merciable goodnes / my herte hoppeth for ioye at the comynge of thy ſauinge helthe/ that I might prayſe the when thou haſt geuen it me.

¶The Title of the Pſal.14.

¶An exhortatorye ſonge of Dauyd.

¶The Argument.

¶He complayneth of al men to be ſinners and that the tyme ſhall come that the vngodly ſhal dye for fere/but vnto the godlye there ſhal come a plentuouſe ioye from that heuenly zyon.

The vayne folyſſhe thinke in theire hertis / that god is not god: they folowe corrupte and execrable ſtudyes/there is none that dothe good.

When the Lorde ſhulde loke forth from heuen vpon the children of men to ſee whether there were eny that vnderſtode or regarded God:

He ſawe that all were gone from

him/al alyke togither were corrupted/ther was none that did good no not won.

Haue thei vnderſtandinge which are al geuē vnto miſcheif? which deuoure my peple lyke meat? yea/ which cal not vpon the lorde?

Then therfore ſhall thei tremble: when god ſtandinge on the iuſte mennis ſyde/ſhal ſaye vnto them. ye made but a mocke at the counſayl of the pore:but yet is the lorde his hope .

Who ſhal geue Iſrael his ſauinge helthe frō zion? When the Lorde ſhall bringe home agen his peple:Iacob ſhal reioyſe and Iſrael ſhalbe right glad

¶ The Title of the Pſal.15.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid.

¶ The Argument.

¶ The heretage ⁊ lyfe of the godlye in this worlde.

LOrde who maye dwell in thy tabernacle? who maye continwe in thy holy hyll?

Euen he that lyueth innocently/ doinge that at iuſte is/ whoſe herte is euer in meditacion vpon the trwthe.

He that deceiueth not nor hurteth with his tongue/ nether dothe none euyl to his neghbour/ nor reuileth not his felowe.

But ſetteth naught by the vngodly/ and hath them in pryce that fere the lorde: which kepeth his oth ād promyſe with his neighboure.

And lendeth not his money for a vauntage: nether receyueth gyft agenſt the innocent.

He that doth theſe thinges / abydeth & dwelleth there ſtil for euer

¶The Title of the Pſal.16.

¶Dauids delicat and ſwete prayer

¶The Argument.

¶The variable ſtate of this worlde conſidered/ he confeſſeth nothinge to be ſtable. Wherfore there is nothinge more holy and certayne then to cleue to the lorde withe all confidence.

BEpe me (oh God) for in the do I truſte. I confeſſe vnto the lorde/ ſaynge thou arte my Lorde/ my goodis are nothinge for the.

I gaue my ſelfe therfore ſometyme to helpe the ſaynts/ which are vpon the erth.

But whe̅ their aduerſite with incommodities begane to growe/ they went backe.

I ſhall not offer vp none of their blodye drinke offeraunces/ nether yet once take the names of them into my lippes.

For the lorde is the porcion of my heretage and my cuppe: thou holdeſt vp my lotte.

My lotte fill vpon a fayer place/ and my heretage pleaſeth me wel

I thanke the lorde for his monicion: for euen by night my conſcience correcketh me.

I loke vppe euermore beholdinge the Lorde preſent at myn eyes/ for euen at my right hande is he preſent/ leſt I ſhulde ſlyde.

Wherfore my herte ioythe & my greatnes reioyſeth / that my fleſſhe at laſte maye reſte ſuerlye.

For thou wilt not leue me in my graue: nor ſuffere thi dere beloued holy one to be corrupted.

But thou ſhalt ſhewe me the pathe of lyfe/thou ſhalt make me glad with thy preſence / for there is perpetuall ioye in thy power.

¶The Title of the Psal.17.

¶The prayer of Dauid.

¶The Argument

¶He contendeth in a maner withe god/becauſe he ſo greuouſly tempteth him ſtudyinge to do wel. And he prayeth to be delyuered of the lorde from his enymes.

HEre (lorde) myne innocencye/ attende vnto my cryinge: geue eare vnto my vnfayned prayer ſpokē withe all my herte.

Let thy iugement declare myne innocencye : let thy eyes beholde equite.

Proue my herte / and ſerche it by

night/trye me withe fier / and yet ſhalt thou not finde me a diſſembler: for I decreed withe my ſelfe not to offende/no not in worde

I tempered me frome the workes of men/and from the ways of the peruerſe: for the worde of thy lippes.

kepe my ſtepis within thy pathes leſte my fete turne into any contrary waye.

For I crye vnto the (oh God) for ſoucoure: geue eare to me and here my wordes.

Aſſigne me thy wonderfull mercyes/thou which with thy right hāde kepeſt the faithful from their aduerſaries.

kepe me as one wolde kepe the apple of his eye: hyde me vnder the ſhadewe of thy winges.

From the vngodly which trouble me/euen fro my enemyes whych cloſe yn my lyfe.

Which with their riches tyrannouſly oppreſſe:⁊ with their mouthes crye out proudlye.

Thei laye awayte at our fete: turninge downe their eyes to the erth

Thei ar lyke the hōgry lyō gredy of his proye:euen the yonge lyon layd bente in his preuye denne.

Aryſe lorde/and preuent him/caſt him downe grouelinge/and redeme me from the vngodly with thi ſwerde.

Delyuer me by thy power frō the mortal/euen from the men of this worlde/which in this lyfe enioye their parte.

For euen thou out of thy ſtore houſe filleſt their bellies/that when thei be ſatiſfied with children/thei maye yet leue the reſte of their goodis to their infants.

But I/when I ſhall apere before the in my innocencye/ſhalbe ſatiſfyed: I ſhalbe wel filled when thi glorye ſhalbe declared in the daye of apperaunce.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.18

¶ The ſonge adhortatorye of Dauid the ſeruaunt of the Lorde/ whiche ſunge this ſonge vnto hym when he delyuered him both from the power of Saul and alſo frome al his enemyes.

¶ The Argument.

¶ He geueth thankis: he telleth into what perel he was brought/he deſcribeth lyke a poet the diuine power/and praiſeth his benefittis.

I Shall loue the (oh Lorde) my ſtrength/lorde thou arte my ferme rocke/my bulwarke/ãd my refugie. My god/my defenſe vnto whom I cleaue. My buckler/my mighty ſauinge helth/and my ſaynctuarye. When I prayſe and loaue the lorde: then am I ſalfe frome myne enemyes.

Bondis of dethe compaſſed me about/the roringe flowdis of Belial ſwelled vp agenſte me.

The ſnares of hel cloſed me in: in the nettis of deth was I maſſhed

But yet beinge in theis diſtreſſes I called vpon and worſhiped the Lorde/and cryed vnto my god.

And he herde my voice/euen from his holye hill.

And as ſone as my cryinge came

Vnto his earis: the erthe trembled and ſhoke/the foundacions of the hilles ſtaggarde & were ſmyten togither: for it was he that was wrathe.

Ffume aſcended out of his noſtrelles / and deuouringe fyer out of his mouth/ſo that coles were kindled there at.

He made the heuēs to ſtowpe whyle he came downe/hauinge a derke cloude vnder his fete.

He was caried vpon the Cherubims/and did flee/he came fleinge with the winges of the winde.

He cloſed him ſelf in derknes ſittinge therein as in his tabernacle he was hid in blacke waters euen in clowdes ful of rayne.

But at the brightnes of his lokinge forth: clowdes proceded / hayle and fyerye beames.

And then the Lorde thondred frome aboue/and the moſt highe god ſent forth his noyſe:here fel down haile and boltis of fier.

He ſhet forth and ſcatred his dartes/he ſmote forth mighlely mich lighteninge ouer al.

The veynes of ſpringes were opēned/the foundacions of the rounde erth were layd wyde opē at thy chydinge/Oh lorde/ they laye naked at thy breth ād ſtomak of thy wrathe.

Then he did put downe his hande frome an highe and toke me vp quickly:ād drewe me forth of the vehement waters.

He delyuered me frome the violēce of my enemyes/and my haters which had ouercome me.

Whiche has taken their pleſure vpon me in tyme of my aduerſite: but it was the Lorde that helped me:

And led me forth at large/he delyuered me / becauſe he has choſen me.

The lorde gaue me after my innocencye/and rewarded me accordinge to my pure lyuinge .

For I did diligently waite vpon the wayes of the lorde/nether did I fle from my god vnto any wother.

For I holde faſte al his lawes before myne eyes/nether do I thruſte his ordinances frome me .

I order my ſelfe perfaitly and purely towarde him / and I take good heed leſte I fal into any ſinne.

The Lorde mought rewarde me

after my innocencye and pure lyuinge/for his benigne liberalite.

With the holye man thou art holye/and pure with the pure.

With the electe thou arte choſen: and with peruerſe thou doiſt frowardelye.

For thou ſaueſt the pore oppreſſed: and layſt ful lowe the highe lokes of the proude.

Thou lighteſt my candle/Lorde my god: thou diſpelleſt my derkenes with thy light.

Thou beinge my goyd/I breake thorowe the hole raye in batayle: thorowe thy helpe/my god/I leape the wallis.

The waye of the lorde is immaculate/the ſpeche of the Lorde is pure: he is the ſhilde to al that truſte in him.

For who is it that is god but the lorde? or who is it that is almightye beſydes our god?

It is God that girdeth me withe ſtrength/it is he that kepeth my waye pure and good.

Which maketh my fete as ſwifte as are the fete of an herte: & ſetteth me vp in an highe place.

Which enſtructeth my hādis vnto batail: and techeth my armes to breke bowes of ſtele.

Thou ſtretcheſt forth for my defence thy ſauinge buckler/withe thy righthande thou ſuſtayneſte me/and encreaſeſt me with thy litle familiarite.

Thou ſprediſt my waye vnder me/leſt my helis ſlyde awaye

I folowe vpon myne enemyes ād take them: neuer tourninge again

Vntil thei be al ſlayne.

I ſmyte them downe/ſo that they riſe not agē:thei fal vnder my fete

Thou girdeſte me withe ſtrength vnto batell:and throeſt them downe vnder me which ryſe agēſt me

Thou(myne enemyes backes turned)ſetteſt me in their neckis/thou ſcatereſt my enemyes al awaye

Thei called vpon/but none herde them:euen vpon the lorde thei called/but he helped them not.

But I beit them as ſmal as duſt ſcatred with the wide/⁊ made no more of them then of the dirte in the ſtreatis.

Thou delyuerſt me frō the cōtēciouſe peple: ād ſetteſt me to be the head ouer the gētils/a naciō which I knew not/⁊ yet thei ſerue me

As ſone as thei herd me thei obayd

me:but my nowne knowne pepl
fal fro me.
Thei aborred and yrked the kno-
wlege of me:they ſwarued awaye
frome their wonte pathe.
The Lorde lyueth / and bleſſed be
he euen my very rocke of ſtone/
God be exalted and prayſed whi-
che is my ſauinge helthe.
Euen god whiche geueth me po-
wer to auenge me/and caſteth th
is peple vnder my fete.
It is he that delyuereth me from
my enymye/he geueth me victorie
vpon them that ryſe agenſt me/ſa-
uinge me from euery euell.
Wherfore I ſhal prayſe the amo
ge the gentils oh lorde:and I ſhal
magnifie thy name.
Which enricheſt thy kynge with
miche helthe/ thou endeweſt Da

uid thy anoynted with grete benefits/and his ſead alſo for euer.

¶ The Title of the Psalme.19.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid adhortatorie.

¶ The Argument.

¶ He compareth the brightnes of the worde of god vnto the light of the ſonne/ expreſſinge the holſome vertue therof.

The heuens declare the almightye maieſtye off god/and the firmament ſheweth forth the worke of his handis.

Euery daye precheth the ſame: & euery night layeth forth the ſame alſo vnto our knowlege.

There is nether ſpeche nor tōgue but amonge them are the voyces of theſe al herde.

Into al the worlde goeth forth the

ſpeche of them / and their wordis vnto the worldis ende.

He hath ſet in them a tabernacle for the ſonne: whẽce he procedeth like a bridegrome out of his chãbre/and lyke a geaunt he dreſſeth him ſelfe to peruſe his courſſe:

Frome the one ſyde of the heuens he goth forth myghtely to the tother: and there is noman that maye hyde him from his heat.

And euen ſo is the lawe of the lorde perfayt/ reſtoringe the mynde/ the teſtimonye of the lorde is true techinge children wyſedom.

The chaſtiſinges of the lorde are right/makinge glad the herte: the precepte of the lorde is pure / illumininge the eyes.

The fere of the lorde is cleane ãd ferme for euer/the iugementes of

he lorde are egal and iuſte.
More pleaſaunt thē golde or any
reciouſe ſtone:and ſweter then e-
her honey or the honey combe.
Which/who ſo is thy ſeruant/he
epeth them:for in kepinge them
here foloweth grete rewarde.
Who taketh hede vnto his fau-
tes: abſolue me from thoſe ſinnes
which I knowe not:
nd alſo from them which I ha-
ue boldely cōmitted that thei ha-
e no dominion ouer me/for ſo ſh-
al I be pourged and abſolued frō
ful grete ſinne.
et the wordis of my mouth ple-
ſe the:let the meditacion of my
erte be accept vnto the/ oh Lorde
y rocke and my redemer.

¶ The Title of the Pſalme.20.

Pſal.20. Exaudiet te do.

¶ Dauidis ſonge adhortatorye.

¶ The Argument.

¶ He promyſeth as it were in the perſone of a maſter/ that he wil be benigne and Jentle ouer all to hys ſeruaunts.

The lorde ſhal here the in tharticle of thy diſtreſſe the maieſtye of the God of Jacob ſhall defende the.

He ſhal ſende the helpe from the holy place: and from zion he ſhall defende the.

He ſhal remember al thy ſacrifice and accepte thy brent offeraunce. *Selah.

*So he ſhal

He ſhal geue the thy hertis deſy and accompleſſhe thy mynde.

We ſhal reioyſe in thy helthe ad triumphe gloriouſly vpon the maieſtye of our god/ for the lorde ſhal graunt the al thy peticions.

Now know I that the lorde will preſerue his anointed: the Lorde wil bringe him helpe from his holy heuen with the ſauinge power of his righthande.

Some truſte in chariets and ſome in their horſes: but we wil remember the name of the lorde our god.

Thei ſhal fal groueling whē we ſhal aryſe and ſtande vpright.

Saue vs lorde/helpe vs oh kynge when we cal vpon the.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.21

¶ Dauidis ſonge adhortatorye.

¶ The Argument.

The geueth God thankis for hys innumerable benefits / whiche he partelye reciteth.

Pſal.21. Domine in virtute

LOrde/ſe how the kynge re
ioyſeth in thy ſtrength: ho
we excedinge glad is he of
thy victoriouſe helpe:

Thou haſte geuen him the deſi
of his owne herte: and graunte
him the peticions of his lyppes.

*ſothou haſte.

*Selah.

Thou haſt preuented him with
thy benigne liberalite: ād haſt ſe
the golden crowne vppon hy
head.

He aſked lyfe of the/and thou g
ueſt him longe lyfe / ye a perpetu
al lyfe.

His glorye exceedeth/ but yet th
ough thy helpe: honour and clea
fame haſt thou layd vpon him.

And thou ſhalt alſo endewe hy
with perpetual felicite/and mak
him glad wythe thy ioyouſe p

ſence.
For the kynge truſteth in the lorde/and in the goodnes of the moſt hygheſte : wherfore he can not ſlyde.
Let all thy enimyes fele thy power/all thy aduerſaries mought haue experience of thy righthande.
Set fyer on them as it were in an oouen in the tyme of thy indignacion: Lorde let the fyer deuower and ſwelowe them vppe in thy wrathe.
Deſtroye their yſſwe out of the erthe: and pluck their progenie out of the ſorte of men.
For they enforce myſcheif agenſt the: thei conceayue ſhrewd counſails which thei maye not bringe to paſſe.

But thou ſhalt turne them into flyght: and withe thy bowe ſmyte them in their faces.

Be thou exalted (lorde) in thy nowne ſtrength/ that we maye prayſe and preche thy power.

¶ The Title of the Pſalme.

¶ Dauidis ſonge adhortatorye cōcerninge the hynde erely chaſed.

¶ The Argument.

¶ He deſierthe depely the helpe of God/ beinge now in extreme anxite and diſtreſſe: whiche he expreſſeth with meruelouſe cōparyſons. He felith helpe/ and geueth thankes. In whiche al he figureth Cryſte goodly/ and at laſt he ſetteth to the prophecy of the callinge of the gentyls.

Pſal.22. Deus meus deus

My God/my god: wherfore haſt thou forſaken me? the wordes of my oute cryinge are ful farre from helthe.

I cal vpon the/ the hole daye Oh my god/and yet thou heriſt not:ye I ceaſſe not cryinge the hole nyghte.

Verely thou art he that dwelleſte in the holye temple/ oh the glorye of Iſrael: thou waſt the hope off oure fathers/in the thei truſted/ād thou delyuerdſt them.

Vnto the thei cryed and were delyuered/in the thei truſted and were not confounded.

But I am a worme and nomore a man/a fable/ a ieſtinge ſtoke for men/a vyle abiecte in ignominye of the comen peple.

Al that ſe me contempne me/they wryne their lippes at me/ ād nodde their headis.(Saynge).

He truſted in the Lorde/let him redeme him/let him delyuer him yf he loue him.

But thou receyuedſt me cominge forth euen of my mothers wombe:and waſt my hope euen at my mothers breſtis.

Into thy lappe was I layd from my birthe/as ſone as I was borne thou waſt and art my god.

Go not therfore fro me/this my perellous anxyte beinge now preſent:for I haue no man to helpe.

Many fyerce bullis clooſe me about/ye grete fat ſteris compaſſe me yn.

They gape vpon me withe theyr mouthes: euen as roringe ram paunt lyons.

But I was powred forth like water/my bones ſhaken out of ioynt and my herte in the myddis of me melted awaye lyke waxe.

My ſtrengthe was dryed vp lyke a potſherde/ my tongue cleued to my chawes/ for thou haſt brought me vnto the deade duſt.

Ye there were yet very dogges cōpaſſinge me aboute: euē the counſail of the moſt myſcheuouſe digginge and breakinge my handis & fete ful cruelly.

All my bones racked / were layd open to be tolde of al that loked vpon me.

Thei diuide my cote emonge thēſelues: and caſte lottis for my garment.

Thou Lorde therfore tarye not

thou art my ſtrength/ haſte the to helpe me.

Delyuer my lyfe from the ſwerde and my only dere ſoule frome theſe doggis.

Saue me from the open mouthes of theſe lyons/delyuer me frõ the hornes of theſe Vnicornes.

And I ſhal declare thy gloriouſe maieſtye vnto my brethern / euen in the middes of the congregaciõ ſhal I prayſe the.

ye that fere the lorde prayſe hym/ thou the hole ſead of Iacob magnifie him: as thou that art the populoſe ſead of Iſraell reuerence him.

For he deſpiſethe not/nor turneth not away his face frome the pore afflicte/nether hideth he his face from him/but he hereth him whẽ he cryeth.

I ſhal preche prayſe of the before the hole congregacion / and paye my vowes before them that fere the.

The lowely ſhal ete and be ſatiſfied/thei ſhal prayſe the Lorde ād ſeke him/thei mought lyue for euer.

They ſhal be conuerted vnto the lorde and al the cooſtis of the erth ſhal preche him/ and al the kynredes of the gentils ſhal fal downe before him.

For the kingdome of the gentils is the lordis / and he ſhalbe lorde ouer them.

And al the riche of the erthe ſhall ete and worſhip him/ thei ſhal bowe their knees before him/ and al men ſhal go downe to the grounde/orels their ſoule ſhal not lyue. This ſead ſhal ſerue him/ ⁊ ſhal ſinge praiſe vnto the Lorde for euer.

Thei ſhal come and ſhewe the forme of his rightwyſmaking/ vnto the gentyls yet to be borne/ whō the Lorde ſhal create.

¶ The Title of the Pſalme.23.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid.

¶ The Argument.

¶ He ſyngeth thinnumerable benefits of God vnder the ſimilitude of an herdeman faithfully fedinge his flocke of ſhepe.

THe Lorde fedeth me: wherfore I can want nothinge. He ſettith me in a goodly luſty paſture: and retcheth me forthe vnto ſwete ſtill runninge waters.

He refreſſheth my ſoule/and directeth me in the right waye/for his names ſake.

For albe it I ſhulde go vnto the valye of the dedely ſhadewe / yet fere I none euyll / for thou art with me: ye thy ſtaffe and ſhepehoke ar my counforte.

Thou ſpredeſt me a table in the preſence of my aduerſaryes/thou ſowpleſt my head with oyntmēt and filleſt my cuppe.

Thy goodnes therfore & thy benigne mercye ar with me through all my lyfe that I myght dwell in thy houſe for euer.

¶ The title of the Pſal.24.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid.

¶ The Argument.

He ſingeth/god to be lorde ouer al thinges: but yet onely innocentes to dwel with him/and the kynge of glorye to come vnto vs.

THe erthe and whatſoeuer is in it/is the lordis: bothe the rounde worlde and thinhabiters thereof.

For he hath layd her foundacion vpon the ſeas/ād ſet her faſt vpō the flowdis.

Who then maye aſcende into the hill of the lorde? or who maye abyde ſtil in his holy place?

An innocent in his dedis and pure in herte: whiche extolleth not his mynde vnto vayne hope/ nether ſwereth not to deceyue.

This man ſhalbe lyberally endowed of the lorde: receyuinge rightwiſnes of god his ſauiour.

This is the generacion that get

teth him: it is Jacob that findeth thy preſence. Sela.

Open youre gates o ye princes/ & let theſe euerlaſtinge gatis be opened that the grete kynge myghte enter yn.

*So it is

Who is this grete kynge? the ſtronge and mighty Lorde/ euen the lorde that ſtronge warryer.

Open your gates o princes / & let theſe euerlaſtinge gatis be nomore ſhut/ that the grete kynge myght enter in:

Who is this grete kinge? it is the lorde of powers/ that is this grete kinge. *Sela.

*So he is.

¶ The Title of the Pſal. 25

¶ The ſonge of Dauid.

¶ The Argument.

¶ It is a comon prayer and acknowlegeinge of his ſinnes.

E

Pſal.25. Ad te domine leuã.

Vnto the (oh Lorde) do I lyft vp my mynde.

In the (oh my god) do I truſte: let me not (I beſeche the) be ſhamed / nether let myne enemyes runne vpon me.

For as many as truſte in the are not ſhamed: but thei be ſhamed that are vayne tranſgreſſours.

Thy wayes lorde ſhewe thou me and thy pathes teche me.

Induce and teche me thy trouthe for thou arte my god and my helthe / in the do I truſte at all tymes.

Remember thy mercy and goodnes: which thou of euer vſeſte.

But the ſynnes and treſpaſes of my yougth remember them not / but for thy benignite ãd goodnes remember me oh lorde.

Ful good and iuſte is the lorde/ & therfore he reduceth ſinners into the waye.

He ledeth the homble and mylde/ as it behoueth with diſcrecion/ & the afflicte he techeth his waye.

All the wayes of the lorde are mercy and faithfulnes/ Vnto them that kepe promyſe and couenaunt with him.

For thy names ſake Lorde haue mercye on my ſynne/ oh lorde/ for it is grete.

Who ſo fereth the lorde/ him he directeth in that waye whiche is vnto him acceptable.

His ſoule ſhal haue the fruiciō of al goodnes: and his poſteritie ſhal poſſeſſe the londe.

The lorde techeth his ſecretes ād his couenaunt vnto them that fere him.

My eyes are euer intẽte vnto the lorde: for he plucketh my fete out of the nette.

Turne vnto me Lorde and haue mercy on me: for I am forſaken & ſorowful.

The anguyſſhe of my ſorowfull hert encreſeth: lede me forth therfore of my diſtreſſe.

Beholde my affliccion and heuy labour: and take awaye al my ſinnes.

Conſyder my enmyes for thei be ful many: and they perſewe me with a myſcheuous hate.

kepe my ſoule and delyuer me/ let me not I beſeche the be ſhamed/ for I truſte in the.

Let purenes and equite preſerue me: for in the do I truſte.

Redeme Jſrael (oh god) loſe hym from all his anvte and diſtreſſe.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.26.

¶ The pſalme of Dauid.

¶ The Argument.

¶ Innocencye/which is of faith/ faithfully confeſſeth her ſilfe vnto the lorde/prayinge/leſt this innocencye and faythe peryſſhe and be loſte.

DElyuer me (lorde) in iugement/for J walke innocẽtly: in the (oh lorde) do J truſte/and wauer not.

Proue and ſerche me oh lorde/ ſeeth and trye out my raynes & my herte.

For thy merciable goodnes do J holde before my eyes: and in thy trowthe do J walke.

J dwel not with vayne men: nether go J yn vnto theſe ydle and craftye deceyuers.

I hate the chirche of the myſchenous maligne/nether ſitte I amõge theſe vngodlye.

I waſſhe my handis with innocencye/and ſo go I (oh lorde) vnto thy altare.

To preche forth with a lowde voyce thy prayſe/and to ſhewe forth al thy meruellouſe workis.

I loue (oh lorde) the habitacle off thy howſe: as the place where thy glorye dwelleth.

Ioyne thou not my ſoule with ſinners/nether my lyfe withe theſe blodye men.

In whoſe handis myſcheife is founde/ their right hande is full off brybes.

I verely walke innocently: redeme me and haue mercy on me.

My fote ſtandeth faſte in the righte. In the myddes of the congregacions I ſhal loaue the lorde.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.27.

¶ The Pſalme of Dauid.

¶ The Argument.

¶ The profe and experience of faith/ which in any perel imminent/ receyueth conſolacion at the helpe of the lorde.

THe Lorde is my light & my helthe: whome then ſhal I feare? the lorde is the ſtrength of my lyfe/ of whom then ſhal I be afrayde? Whyle ther come forth agēſt me the maligne myſcheuouſe/ and euen my enemyes to deuower me hole/ lo thei fal downe al to ſmitē. Whē their tētis ar pitched agēſt me/ yet I fere not: whē thei be incēſed to batail agēſt me/ then am I moſt ſuer.

For one thinge I deſyer of the Lorde/one thinge do I ſeke/ euen to dwell in the houſe of the Lorde for euer/that I might ſe the maieſtye royall of the Lorde and beholde his temple.

For he hath hyd me in a perellouſe tyme/he did hyd me in the ſecrete place of his tabernacle/& lifted me vp into a rocke of ſtone.

And at laſte he gaue me victorye ouer my enemyes whiche had cōpaſſed me aboute.

Wherfore I offer in his tabernacle thofferaunce of thankis geuinge/I prayſe and ſynge vnto the Lorde.

Here (oh Lorde) my voice wherwith I call vpon the/ haue mercy on me/and helpe me.

My hert acknowlegeth the/my

countenance ſeketh the/ Lorde I deſyer thy face.

Hyd not thy face fro me / repell not thy ſeruant in thy wrathe.

Thou art my ſtrength / leue me not / nether forſake me oh God my ſauiour.

For my father and my mother haue forſaken me: but yet the Lorde ſhal take me vp to noureſſhe.

Teche me (lorde) thy waye/and lede me in a right pathe from my a waite layers.

Let not my enimes take their pleſure vpō me/ for periures witneſſes ar ryſen vp agenſt me imagening a miſcheif for me.

But this thinge is my counfort: I am ſuer to ſe the benigne goodnes of the Lorde in the londe of the lyuinge.

Truſte thou therfore in the lorde (who ſo euer thou be) for it is he that ſhal counfort and ſtrengthē thy hert: ſe therfore thou truſte in the lorde.

¶ The Title of the Pſal. 28

¶ The pſalme of Dauid.

¶ The Argument.

¶ Bodely and inceſſantly he calleth vpon the lorde/ to be delyuered from the fraudulent. He is herde/ and geueth thankis.

Unto the (oh lorde my rocke) do I crye: repel me not I beſeche the / fruſtrat not my hope/ leſt I be lyke mē deſcendinge into their graues.

Here the voice of thy ſuppliaunt criynge vpon the: which lyft vp my handis towerde thy holy temple.

Repute me not I beſeche the and

ge the vngodly or the myſcheuous/ſpekinge frendly to their neyghbour / but myſcheuouſly thinkinge in their hertis.

Rewarde them accordinge to their myſcheif and maliciouſe thoughtes: geue them after their deades/requite thē as thei be worthy

Euen as thei regarde not the lorde through the workis made with his hande: ſo let him deſtroye them neuer to be reſtored.

I thanke the lorde for he hath herde the voyce of his ſuppliaunt

The lorde is my ſtrength I ſhilde vnto him my herte cleueth/of him fele I helpe/and therfore my herte reioyſeth magnifyinge him with my ſonge.

The lorde is oure ſtrength: he is the ſauinge power of his anoynted.

Saue thou therfore thy peple / be mercyfull and good vnto thy heretage: fede and beare them vp continually and euer.

¶ The Title of the Pſalme.29.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid.

¶ The Argument.

¶ He exciteth the mighty vnto the worſhip of one alone for al ſufficient / god almyghty: Whoſe almighty power he precheth / ſingeth / and magnifieth excedingly.

GEue ye vnto the lorde / o ye mighty princes: geue him (I ſaye) his glorye and the prayſe of his power.

Acknowlege this name of the lorde to be omnipotent: worſhip the holy maieſtie of the lorde.

For it is the lorde that by his onely cōmaundement ruleth the waters: god almyghty prepareth the thonder/the Lorde commaundeth the ſeas.

The voice of the lorde taketh effecte/the voice of the lorde is ful of maieſtye.

At the lordis biddinge the Cedre trees be al to broken/ye the Lorde verely wyl breke euen the Cedre trees of Lybani.

He ſhal trede downe the mount Libanum lyke a ſtronge bull: and Saron lyke a vnicorne.

The commaundement of the lorde ſcatereth forth flames of fyer.

The voyce of the Lorde maketh the deſerte to tremble/ he ſhaketh euen the deſerte of Cades.

The voice of the Lorde maketh the hartes and hyndes ſycke/and maketh naked euen the thick wodis.

In his temple therfore/ euery mā ſpeketh his glorie.

The Lorde ceaſſeth the diluuye: the lorde obteineth ſtil his euerlaſtinge kingdom.

The lorde geueth ſtrength to his peple with goodnes and peace

¶ The Title of the Pſalme. 30

¶ Dauids ſonge of thankis geuinge for the foundacion and reaſinge vp of his houſe.

¶ The Argument

¶ It is a thankis geuinge/ wherby the godly are taught al thinges to be ſuer committed vnto god. It appereth it to be writen after ſome ſyknes.

WIth highe prayſes (oh lorde) ſhal I extol the/ for that thou haſt taken me vp to preſerue me: nether haſte thou ſuffred my enimies to triumphe ouer me.

Lorde my god/vnto the haue I cryed:and thou haſt healed me.

Lorde thou haſt called me agene fro my graue / thou haſt reſtored my ſoule from goynge.downe into the pitte.

Singe ye vnto the lorde/you that be his ſayntis/geue thãkis in the holy remembraunce of him.

For whyle he is wrathe for a lytel ſpace/through his fauour yet geueth he lyfe:althoughe the euenynge be turned into wepinge/yet is gladnes reſtored in the morninge.

Verely / when I ſayde in my flowers: I ſhall neuer fall nor ſuffer hurt.

(For thou Lorde of thy goodnes habſt geuen ſtrengthe vnto my hil) anon as thou hadſt hyden thy face I was troubled.

But here/vnto the / oh lorde I cryed: vnto the my lorde made I my prayer.

What (I ſaye) profiteth my blode if I be corrupte? ſhal my duſte magnifye the? ſhall it prayſe thy trowthe?

Heare me therfore lorde and haue mercye on me: Oh Lorde helpe me.

Then thou turnedeſt my moornynge into ioye / thou vnlacedeſt my ſake and gyrdedſte me wythe gladnes.

Wherfore thy glorye ſhal be ſonge inceſſantly: for I/lorde my god ſhal magnifie the for euer.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.31.

¶Dauids ſonge adhortatorye.

¶The Argument

¶It is a prayer in grete tribulacion/a gracyouſe hearinge/ and thankesgeuinge.

In the (oh lorde) do I truſte let me neuer I beſeche the be ſhamed/but for thy mercyes ſake delyuer me.

Bowe downe thy eare vnto me/ ſpede the to delyuer me/be my ſtronge rocke/and wel defenced houſe wheryn thou wilt ſaue me.

For thou arte my ſtonney rocke & my caſtel: for thy names ſake therfore be my goyd and nouryſſhe me.

Lede me forth of the nette which thei haue hyd for me: for thou art my defender.

Into thy handis I cõmẽde my

ſpirit:redeme me/ Lorde god which art ſo trwe.

For I hate them that embraſe uanite:but in the (Oh Lorde) do I truſte.

I ſhal be glad and reioyſe in thy mercy:for thou wilt loke upō my adfliccion when thou eſpieſte my ſoule in diſtreſſe.

Nether wilt thou yild it into the power of my aduerſarye/but wilt ſet my fete at large.

Haue mercy upon me(lorde)for I am in trouble:my eyes timple ād waxe dimme for heuynes/my ſoule/my bellye.

My lyfe is conſumed with ſorowe/and my yearis in ſighinge:my ſtrength is fallen awaye in calamite/ and my bones are conſumed.

I was obprobriouſly defamed of al my enimyes : vnto my neighbours and ſiche as knewe me I was grete fear. Who ſo ſawe me thei fled out awaye fro me.

Out of mynde I fyl forgoten as a dead man : I was gone lyke a drye broken potſherde.

For my ſelfe herde the obloquye/ and threatis of the multitude gathered about me: thei conſented al agenſt me / thei conſpired to take awaye my lyfe.

But in the (oh lorde) do I truſte/ and I ſaye/thou art my god.

In thi hande are my deſtenes/deliuer me from the power of my enimes and perſuers.

Shew thi graciouſe countenance vnto thi ſeruaunt: and ſaue me for thi mercys ſake.

Pſal.31. In te domine ſperaui

Lorde let me not be confounded / for vnto the do I call: but let the vngodly be ſhamed and layd aſleape in their graues.

Let lyinge lippes be ſewed vp togither / which craftely prowdly / & ſpightfully ſpeke agenſte the iuſte.

Oh how grete goodes layſt thou vp for the fearers of the: whiche good thou doiſt vnto thē that truſte in the / euen in the preſence of al mortal men.

Thou hiddeſt theſe men preuelye in thy ſyght from the prowde mē thou hiddeſt them in thy tabernacle from virulent tongues.

Thākis be vnto the Lorde for his highe goodnes towarde me / defended as I were in the moſte ſtronge cyte.

For I/ſome tyme without al hope ſayd: I am caſt out of thy ſight and yet thou herdeſt thy ſupplyaunt cryinge Vnto the.

Loue ye the lorde therfore all hys ſaintes: for the lorde defendeth his faithfull/ but theſe prowde doers he rewardeth plentuouſly.

Be conſtant/and the lorde wil confirme and ſtablyſſhe youre hertys as many as truſte in him.

¶The Title of the Pſal.32.

¶Dauids admonicion.

¶The Argument.

¶He techeth it to be a ioyouſe thinge/to be eaſed quyt from the burden of ſynne/and contrarye wyſe: a miſerable thinge to haue an obſtinat conſcience clogged and depreſſed with ſynne/ And at laſt he ſheweth by what wayes ſinnes be forgeuen.

Psal.32. Beati quorum

O How bleſſed is he that is eaſed of his tranſgreſſion / whoſe ſinne is kouered:

Oh happye man/vnto whom the lorde rekeneth not his ſinne: yn whoſe mynde there is nothinge deſaitfully hyd.

For I verely/whyle I held my tõge/my bones aked with my dayly out cryinge.

For daye and night thy heuy hãde preſſed me downe / my ſucculent moiſter was turned into a ſõmer drought. *Selah.

*So it was

But my ſinne/after that I had cõfeſſed it vnto the/ and vnkouered before the/my wikednes:

When I ſayd/accuſinge my ſelf: I acknowlege & confeſſe my trãſgreſſion vnto the lorde/ euen an ne thou forgaueſt the cryme of my ſinne. *Sela.

*So thou dideſt.

Wherfore whatſoeuer ſaynt he be/let him praye vnto the as ſone as he feleth the ſame diſtreſſe/ ād then ſhall not the inundacion of ſwellinge waters touche him.

Thou art my refugye in my tribulacion cloſinge me aboute/ & now thou cloſeſt me about with the ioye of delyueraunce. *Selah.

*S. thou doiſt.

I ſhall enſtructe the (ſaiſte thou) and ſhewe the what waye thou muſte go/ I ſhal faſten myne eyes vpon the.

Except ye wil be horſe and mules clene with out vnderſtandinge.

Whoſe mouthes and headis vnleſſe thei be with ſnaffle and brydle reſtrayned / thei wil not obaye the.

Let the vngodly loke for many plages: but who ſo truſteth in the lorde ſhall be cloſed aboute wythe mercye.

Be glad in the Lorde and reioyſe ye rightwyſe/ be iocunde and mery ye all that be off an vpryghte herte.

¶ The Argument.
of the.33. Pſal.

¶ It is a prayſe wherin the almyghty power of god is prayſed

REioyſe ye rightwyſe in louinge the lorde: for hys prayſe becometh wel the iuſte.

Loaue ye therfore the lorde/ ſynge vnto him with harpe/lute/ãd ten ſtringed inſtrument:

Synge vnto hym a newe ſonge/ ſmyte vp your inſtruments with a lowde melodye.

For the worde of the Lorde is ryght holye/and al his workis ferme and faſt.

He loueth equite and right/the erthe is replenyſſhed withe the goodnes of the lorde.

By the worde of the lorde heuens were made/and al their ornowerment at the brethe of his mouth.

He gathereth vp the waters togither on heap: ād agene/ he hydeth them in the botome of the ſea.

All the erth mought feare the lorde/al thinhabiters of the worlde mought worſhip him.

For at his commaundement al thinges haue their beinge: as ſone as he ſpake the worde/al thinges were done.

The lorde ſcaterth the counſel of

the haithen: and the thoughtis of peple he fruſtrateth.

But his counſel dureth for euer/ the thoughtes of his herte contynwe through al generacions.

Oh happy nacion which holdeth the lorde for their god/ whome he hath choſen to him for his heretage.

The lorde loketh forth from heauen to conſyder al the children of men: euen from his ſuer ſeat royal he beholdeth al thinhabitours of the worlde.

For he only hath made the hertis of them/ it is he alone that knoweth al the dedis of them.

It is not the puiſſaunce of an innumerable hoſt that ſaueth a kinge/ nether is the geaunt delyuered by his grete ſtrength.

The horſman deceyueth thy ſalfgarde: no man is delyuerde by the multitude of horſmen.

But beholde/ they are the eyes of the lorde that be ſet vppon them which fere him reuerently/ and cleue vnto his mercy.

That he wolde preſerue their ſoules from peſtelence/ and noureſſh them in famyn.

Let our ſoule therfore cleue to the lorde/ for it is he that is our ſhilde and defender

In him therfore ſhal oure hertis reioyſe / as longe as we truſte yn his holy name.

Let thy mercy (oh lorde) ſhyne vpon vs / euen as we truſte vppon the.

¶ The Title of the Pſalme.34.

Pſal.34. Benedicam domin.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid concerninge the fayninge of his madnes/mutacion of his mouth/and witte/before Abimelech/of whom when he was caſt out he fled his waye. i.Reg.xxi.

¶ The Argument.

¶ It is a thankis geuynge: in the which he teſtifieth that god neuer forſaketh his beloued.

I Shal prayſe the lorde at al tyme: his prayſe ſhal be euer in my mouth.

In the laude of the lorde my ſoule delyghteth her ſelfe/ as the hūble oppreſſed here this/ ſo maye they be glad.

Magnifie ye the lorde wythe me/ and let vs togither extoll his name.

For I aſked counſel of the Lorde and he anſwerde me/and he dely uerd me out of al my fere.

Whoſo loke vp vnto him are made freſſhe and bright/and their faces are not confounded.

Whoſoeuer in his adfliccion cal vpon the lorde/he is herde:and he delyuerthe hym oute off all diſtreſſe.

Euen the angell of the Lorde pitcheth caſtels and lyeth rownd about them that fere him/and delyuerth them.

Taſte and ſe how good is the lorde:bleſſed is he whoſoeuer truſteth in him.

Reuerence the Lorde ye that are his ſaynts:for they lacke nothinge that reuerently fere him.

But the cruel ſhal want ād be famyſſhed:when the fearers of the Lorde ſhal want nothinge.

Come hither oh children ãd geue eare vnto me: the feare of the lorde ſhal I teche you.

Who ſo coueteth to lyue longe/ & deſireth alſo to haue good dayes.

Let him refrayne his tõgue from euel/ and his lippes leſt they ſpeke deſayte.

Let him eſtiwe yl/ ãd do good/ ſtudye for peace and folowe it.

For the eyes of the lorde are intẽte vnto innocentes / and his eares bente vnto their prayers

But he loketh grymme vpon thẽ that do yll: to cut awaye their memorial out of the erthe.

Those men/ whẽ thei krye/ the lorde hereth thẽ / and delyuereth thẽ out of al their diſtreſſe.

The lorde is preſent with the contrite herte: and preſerueth the deiecte mynde.

Many incommodites fal vpō the iuſte: but from them al/ the Lorde delyuerth them.

He kepeth al their bones: ſo that not one of them be broken.

But ful miſerable is the deth of the vngodly/ for thei that hate the iuſte ſhalbe plucked vp by the rote

The lorde redemeth the ſoule off his ſeruaunt/ nether are they baneſſhed who ſo truſte in him.

¶ The Argument.

¶ David maketh his inuocaciō to god in his greuouſe oppreſſion of his enymes: which perſecute vs for our weldeſeruinge of them.

LOrde take vpp my cauſe in my ſtryfe: and fight agenſt them that fight agenſt me.

Take vp buckler and ſpeare/ and

ſtande vp to helpe me.

Drawe forth thy ſwerde and runne vpō them that perſue me/tel my ſoule.lo/I am here by the/eue I which am thy ſauynge helthe.

Let them be ſhamed and counfounded that preaſe vpon my ſoule let them turne their backes with ſhame that thinke me euyl.

Make them lyke duſte layd forth for the wynde/the angel of the lorde ſcateringe them.

Let their wayes be derke and ſlyber:the angel of the Lorde perſuynge them.

For thei haue bent preuely theyr dedely nette for me an innocent/ they haue digged vppe a pitte for me gyltles.

Let their owne calamyte come vpō thēſelfs vnwaris:let thē be ta ken in their owne preuey nette:let them fall into theyr owne myſcheyfe.

But my ſoule mought reioyſe yn the Lorde/and be glad of hys ſaluacion.

Al my bones ſhal ſaye: lorde who is lyke vnto the: which delyuerſt the weake deiected from his ſtronger/and the poore nedy on frome his robbers.

Ther aroſe agēſt me falſe witneſſes/imputinge thingis to me which I neuer knewe.

Thei requited me yll for good/ leuinge me poorely al alone.

But thei/when thei were ful ſyke then was my veſture a ſacke: I macerated my ſelf with faſte/and my prayer rolled in my boſome.

I went as one moorninge for his

felowe or brother/ I hombled my ſelfe beinge ſorye as one had buryed his owne mother.

But contrarywyſe / thei (when I was ful ſyke) made ful mery / thei ranne togither / ye euen the laame came runninge vpon me vnwaris thei kit their clothes nether omitted they any token off moorninge.

But all was but ypocriſye/ ye euen theyr cotes ſtrewed wythe aſſhes: for in the mean ceaſon they grinned and gnaſſhed their tethe vpon me.

Lorde when wilt thou loke vppon this? reſtore me frome the ſhameful rebukes of them / delyuer my dere ſoule from the tyrants.

That I might geue the thankis in the moſt ful congregacion/and

prayſe the when the moſte peple
be preſent.

Nether let theſe lyers my enimi-
es triumphe ouer me: let thē wyn
ke in vayne one vpon another wh
ich thus deadly hate me

ffor thei thinke nothing peceably
But when the londe is in tranqui
lite/then take they fraudelent co-
unſails.

Thei ſpake agenſt me with open
mouth: ſaynge/o well well/ nowe
we ſe it with our eyes.

And thou lorde alſo haſt ſene it/ta
rye not therfore/lorde go not farre
fro me.

Awake & ryſe vp/that thou migh
ſt auēge my cauſe/o lorde my god

Auenge me for thy rightwiſnes
ſake lorde my god/that they reioy
ſe not vpon me.

Nether let them saye in their her
tis it gothe on oure syde/ let the
not saye/we haue conuicted him
Let them be shamed and altog
ther confounded that thus reio
se vppon my trouble/ let them b
cled with shame & ignomynye th
at thus triumphe ouer me

Let them be glad and reioyse th
fauour my innocencye/so that th
ey affirme at al tyme/grete is th
lorde which loueth the helth and
peace of his seruaunt.

But my tongue mought be conti
nually spekinge off the forme of
thy rightwyse makinge / and le
this loaue ād prayse neuer go ou
of my mynde.

¶ The Title of the Psal 36.

¶ The songe adhortatory of Da
uid the seruaunt of the lorde.

¶ The Argument.

¶ The naughty nature and arro-
ant boldnes of the vngodly is he
e deſcrybed / yt ys here alſo aſ-
ed / that the godly mighte enioye
he fruicion of the goodnes of god

THus thinketh my herte of the audacite of the vngodlye / that he hath not god before his eyes

ffor albe it he flatereth god vtwardly / yet he aborreth not execrable myſcheyfe / declaringe his inwarde hatered.

The wordis of his mouth are deſayte and mere myſcheife / he reſuſeth to be taught to do wel.

In his bed he ſtudeth myſcheif / he ioyneth him ſelfe to what ſo euer waye is not good / and that at euil ys he eſtiweth not.

When thy goodnes oh Lorde recheth vp vnto the heauens / and vnto the cloudes thy trewthe ys ſpred.

Thy rightwiſnes is lyke a mighty hill / ⁊ thy equite lyke the depe ſea vnable to be meſured.

When it is thou which preſerueſte both men and beaſtis Oh lorde.

Howe precyouſe and riche is thy goodnes oh God: wherwithe the childern of men animated / are bolde to truſte vnto the ſhadew of thi wynges.

Thei are ſatiſfyed with the plentuouſe encreſe of thy howſe / and drinke of thy delyciouſe ſwete flowde.

For with the / is that lyuely perpetual ſprynge / and in thy lyghte we ſe lighte.

Setforth thy goodnes vnto thoſe that knowe the/and thy rightwiſnes vnto the right herted.
Let not the fote of pryde ouertake me: let not the hande of the vngodly moue me.
But let them fal thatworke myſcheif/caſt them downe that they neuer more ryſe agene.

¶The Title of the Pſal.37.

¶The ſonge of Dauid.

¶The Argument.

¶It is an admonicion and warninge that we folowe not the ſynfull/ allected and allwered of their fayned felicite/he alſo paynteth the nature and the ende both of the godly and vngodly.

Noli emulari. Pſal.37.

Folowe not the ſtepis of the euel: nether inuye thou the proſperite off yll doers.

For ſodenly lyke heye are thei kut downe/and lyke the green graſſe be thei witherd.

But thou/ſe thou truſte in the lorde/and do good: that thou mayſte dwell vpon the erthe and he maye wel fede the.

And thou ſhalt delyte in the Lorde/which ſhal geue the thy hertis deſyer.

Laye forth thy waye before the lorde and truſte vnto him/for he ſhal ſet forth thy good dedis like the morninge/and thy iuſte dealinge lyke the middaye.

Geue thy ſelfe hole vnto the lorde/and abyde his pleſure/let not his lyfe moue the whom all thingis proſperouſly ſuccede: euen that man whyche lyueth all yn ſynne.

Remitte wrath/ ſwage anger / let not their euell enſample prouoke the to do yl.

For euel doers ſhalbe cut awaye: but thei that paciently abyde the Lordis pleſure ſhall poſſeſſe the londe.

Suffer a lytle whyle/ and the vngodly ſhalbe clene gone/ when thou ſhalt loke for his place he ſhal not apere:

But the meke ſpryted ſhal poſſeſſe the londe / and enioye myche peace.

The vngodly layeth awayte for the iuſte/ and grinneth vpon him with his tethe.

But the lorde laugheth him to ſcorne : for he ſeith when his daye ſhal come.

The vngodly drawe forth theyr ſwerde and bende theyr bowe to throdowne the poore afflicte / and to kyll them that go the right waye.

But their owne ſwerde ſhal perſe their owne herte : and their bowes ſhalbe broken.

That litel of the rightwiſe is better / then the grete goodis of the vngodly.

For the armes of the vngodly are conſumed: but the iuſte men / the lorde ſtrengtheneth.

The lorde alſo knoweth the daye of the innocentes / for their heretage is perpetual.

Thei ſhalnot be ſhamed in the p

rellourſe tyme/ but in honger they ſhalbe ſated.

But the vngodly ſhal periſſhe: & the enimyes of the Lorde ſhalbe conſumed with fyer / their ſmoke fleynge vp lyke the ſmoke of fate brent wethers.

The vngodly borowth and gathereth his goods by vſury neuer to repaye nor geue/ but the iuſte geueth forth lyberally.

Who ſo approue this liberalite thei ſhal poſſeſſe the lãde/ but they that abhorre it ſhalbe rent vpp by the rotes.

Of the lorde are the ſtepis of a good man directed: ãd he loueth his waye.

When he fallith he ſhall not be hurte: for the lorde ſuſteyneth him with his hande.

I was a chylde and now am I olde/and yet neuer ſawe I the iuſte forſaken/nor his ſead ſeeke his breede.

Althoughe he wolde be euer geuinge forth almoſe: and for this cauſe his ſead enioyd his good proſperouſly.

He fleeth yll and foloweth good/ and he dwelleth here many dayes

For the Lorde loueth iuſte dealĩge/nether forſaketh he his ſayntis but they ar kept for euer/but the ſede of the vngodly ſhalbe cut awaye.

But the iuſte ſhal poſſede the lãde/and ſhal dwell longe therupõ

Wyſedom is euer in the mouthe of the iuſte:& his tongue ſpeketh equite.

For the lawe of his god is in his

herte: wherfore his wayes ar ferme and faſte.

The vngodly loketh narowly of the iuſte: and honteth to ſlaye hī.

But the Lorde leueth him not in to his powr/ nether wil not let hī dampne him when he iugeth hī.

Truſte in the Lorde and kepe his waye/ & he ſhal exalt the to poſſede the lande/ and that thou maiſt ſe the deſtruccion of the vngodly.

I ſawe on a tyme the vngodly rootinge and ſtrongly ſetteling himſelf & ryſing vp flouriſſhing lyke the grene baye tree/ but lo/ in the twinclinge of an eye he was gone/ and when I loked for his place/ it coud not be fownde.

Kepe innocencye/ aud beholde the right / for theſe thingis at laſte ſhal procure a man peace.

When the trangreſſours ſhalbe baneſſhed awaye togither: for the ende of the vngodly is dethe and deſtruccion.

But the helthe of the iuſte cometh from the lorde: for it is he that is their ſtrengthe in the article of diſtreſſe.

The Lorde bringethe them helpe and delyuerth them/he defendeth and ſaueth them from the vngodly/for becauſe thei truſt in him.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.38.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid wheryn he remembreth his affliccion.

¶ The Argument.

¶ It is a faithful enſerchinge of hiſelfe and confeſſion of his cryme/ his frẽdis forſake him/ his enimies ſtand agenſt him. In the lorde ther ſore onely/ heltheis layd vp.

Lorde I beſeche the reproue me not in thy furye/ nether correcke me not in thy wrathe.

ffor thy arowes are ſet faſt in me thy hande is layde ſore vpon me.

Thy wrathe hath left nothinge hole in my fleſſhe/ nothinge hole in my bones for my ſinne.

ffor my ſynnes are ryſen ouer my head/beinge as it were a grete burden miche heuyer then I am able to beare.

My ſecrete ſoris ſtynke and feſter/ for my nowne folyſſhnes.

I am adflycte/and deyected ſo farre/ that I am werye off my lyfe.

My loyns are full off myſerye

there is no helth in al my bodye,
I am ſore febled and broken / th
anguyſſh of my herte breketh fo
th into lowd cryinge.
Lorde thou knoweſt all my deſi
and my waylinge is not hyd fro
me the.
My herte panteth/my ſtrength ha
th lefte me/and my eye ſight goe
th fro me.
My frendis and neighbours ſto
de agenſt me when I was ſmiten
and my very kinſfolke fled farr
fro me.
But they flew vpon me that layd
awayt for my lyfe / and they that
forged myſcheyf for me/inuented
and ſought fraudes and gyle at
al tyme.
But I as a deffe man herde not:
for I am as the domme that ope

eth not his mouth.

I am as one that here not/ ⁊ therore cannot rebuke agene.

ffor in the (oh lorde) do I truste/ thou wilt not fruſtrate my hope/ oh lorde my god.

ffor this thinge do I aſke/that they reioyſe not vpon my hurte/ nether make a gaude at the ſlidinge of my fete.

ffor I am verely redye to the ſcourge/and my blewe ſtrypes do I neuer forget.

ffor I my ſelfe confeſſe my vngodlynes/and my ſinne gẽdreth ſorow in me.

But my enimes are ſalfe and ſtrõge/and thei encreaſe which hate me wrongfully.

Which alſo requite me euell for good/thei vexe me iniuriouſly be cauſe I folowe that at good is.

Forſake me not therfore lorde my god/go not farre fro me.

Haſte the to helpe me/ Oh lorde/ my ſauinge helth.

¶ The Title of the Psal 39.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid adhortatorye committed vnto Idithums courſe.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A common prayer/wherin when he confeſſeth all men for their dayly ſinnes worthy beatinges/he deſierth god of his mercy.

I Had decreed with my ſelfe ſo to kepe my wayes/that I wolde not offende in worde. I kept my mouth with brydle/for the vngodly obſerued me.

I refrayned/I held my tongue/I was domme: ye and that for a good purpoſe/but yet it encreſed ad

xaſperated my ſorowe.
My hertte brent withe in me/ and
hyle I thus reuolued wyth my
lfe/this fyer encreſed more and
ore.
Thus therfore I begane to ſpeke
Shewe me my ende oh lorde/and
hat is the length of my dayes:
t me knowe I beſeche the when
ſhal make an ende.
o thou haſte brought my day-
s into an handful longe/and my
ge is as nothynge before the :
And ſuerlye all the ſtate of man
s not els but vanite. *Selah
For mannys lyfe ys but a ſhade-
we:he embuſieth him ſelf in vai-
ne/he heapeth vnto him and kno-
weth not for whom he gatherethe
yt.

*No-
more
it is.

Now therfore what thinge may
I lokefore oh lorde? My hope i
faſtined in the.

Delyuer me therfore frō al my t
anſgreſſions: ād make me not th
reuylinge ſtocke of the vaynely
ers.

I ſhalbe ſtil and not once opē my
mouth: if thou wilt do this thyn
ge.

Take awaye thy ſtrypes fro me/
for I am conſumed of thy heuye
hande.

When thou rebukeſt and corre
kſt man for his vngodlynes/then
(be he neuer ſo grete) he is waſted
awaye as it were of a motte ſo fri
uole and vayne a thinge is man.
*Sela.

*So he is.

Lorde here my prayer/receyue my
cryinge at thy eares/turne the not

waye fro my teres: althoughe I e but a ſtranger withe the and a ilgryme as were al my fathers. Spare me yet a litle (ſome pardō obtayned) ere I go hence/and no more be ſene.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.40

¶ The ſonge adhortatorie of Dauyd.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A confeſſion wherby god is praiſed/how he ought to be worſhiped and onely called vpon in tribulacion with ferme hope.

WHen I had longe taryed & waited vpon the lorde/ at laſte he attended vnto me and herde my kryinge.

He drewe me forth of the depe pitte and toughe mudde/ he did ſette faſt my fete vpon the rocke and directed my iourney.

Then he did put a new ſonge i to my mouthe/ euen the ſonge o thankis geuinge vnto our god/ th at al men mought conſyder/ fe and truſt in the lorde.

Oh happye man that putteth hi confidence in the lorde/and turneth not himſelf vnto pryde/but turneth awaye from vanite.

For thou/lorde my god dooſt meruels innumerable/ and thy counſels are with vs peerleſſe.

When I wolde remember ād tell them forthe: thei ar innumerable And as for offrance and ſacrifice thou loueſte them not / but by my ears thou twitcheſt me:brēt ſacrifice nor pourginge ſacrifice thou requireſt not:wherfore then I ſayd:lo here am I comen my nowne ſelfe.

In the firſte ſide of the boke it ys wryten of me/that I muſte do that thinge that pleaſeth the/oh my god: which thinge alſo I do it gladly/for thy lawe is writen in the middes of my breſte.

I preche the forme of thy rightwyſmakinge before the hole congregacion/lo my lyppes ceaſſe not oh Lorde/as thou ſeeſt.

Thy rightwyſmakinge/euen frō the myddys of my herte do I declare/thy trouth and ſaluacion I do ſpeke: I diſſemble not thy goodnes and faith before al the hole chirche.

Wherfore o lorde ceaſſe thou not to be merciful vnto me/let thi goodnes ād thy faith always defende me.

For troubles innumerable oue
whelmed me/my ſinnes ſo cōbre
me that I might not decerne th
for thei are moo then the hears of
my head/wherfore euen my herte
failed me.

Haſte the lorde to delyuer me: ſpe
de the to helpe me.

Let them be ſone ſhamed and con
founded that ſeke my ſoule to de
ſtroye it/let them fall bake wythe
ſhame that reioyſe vpō my hurte.

Let them at laſte be deſtroyed af
ter their confuſion/whiche barke
agenſt me withe ſpight ſayinge/
Ohe/ohe.

Let them reioyſe ād be glad in the
all that ſeke the/ and who ſo loue
thy ſauinge helthe mought ſaye
contynually: The Lorde be mag
nified.

I am a pore afflicte abiecte/ lorde helpe me/ for thou art my delyuerer/ oh my god tarye not.

¶ The Argument. of this Pſal. 41.

¶ Dauid now beynge in a ſykenes whether it be of bodye or ſoule: prayeth the lorde to haue mercye vpō him/ mouing hym to pyte the pore

Bleſſed is he that conſydereth theſtate of the pore: for in tyme of perell the Lorde ſhall delyuer him.

The lorde ſhal kepe him and make him ſalfe and bleſſed vpon the erthe/ nether ſhal he betake him into the handis of his enymes

The Lorde ſhal reſtore him when he lye ſyke/ oh lorde thou changeſt al his ſiknes.

For this cauſe J ſaye oh lorde h
ue mercy on me / heale my ſoule
for J am a ſinner agenſt the.

My enimes ſpeke euil vppon me/
ſaynge when ſhal he dye: that his
name maye periſſhe.

And whether he came in to ſe / or
went forth: thus ſpeketh his her-
te/heapynge myſcheyfe vpon him
ſelfe.

Al my enimes come runninge to-
gither agenſt me / and thei take e-
uyl counſail agenſt me.

An enmyouſe worde is blowne a-
brode emonge them: ſaynge/ there
he lyeth neuermore to ryſe.

yea and euen my nowne famyliare
whom aboue al J truſted/ whiche
eit my brede/layd awayte ſuerlye
for me.

Thou therfore lorde haue mercye

on me: and reſtore me that I maye requyte them.

By this thinge ſhal I knowe that thou loueſt me / if my enemye runne not vpon me.

For myne innocencye / I beseche the ſuſtayne me / and ſet me before the for euer.

Prayſed be the Lorde god of Iſrael / frome age to age for euer. Amen Amen.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.42.

¶ An admonicion or exhortacion of the children of Chore

¶ The Argument.

¶ A complaint before god of the rebuke of his enymes / and of the trouble of mynde ſpronge therof: but yet faſt and ferme hope counforteth her owne ſelfe.

Pſal.42. Quemadmodum deſi

AS the thirſty harte panteth and gapethe cryinge at the freſſhe riuers/ſo cryeth my ſoule vnto the/oh god .

My ſoule thirſteth for God/ euen the lyuinge god/when ſhal I once come and apere before the face of god:

My teris which I ſhed night and daye are turned into my mete/whyles dayly it is ſayd to me/where is thy god:

Theſe thinges I reuolue withe my ſelfe/ poweringe forth before me the heuineſſes of my mynde.

When ſhal I go forth freſhly arrayed to go with my felows ioyouſlye with thankis into the houſe of the Lorde with ſo goodly a grett companye:

How deiecte art thou o my ſoule

nd wherfore doiſt thou thus tro-
ble me? truſte in God/for the ty-
me ſhal cōe that I ſhal geue hym
thākis in his preſence for my hel-
the geuen me agene.

My ſoule is deiecte & vexed with
in me oh God when I eft anone
remember what thou dideſt in the
londe by Jordane at the lytel hyll
hermonim.

One depe water calleth in anoth-
er/thy water courſes rored: thy gr-
ete ſhowers and floudes ranne o-
uer me.

Dayly the lorde encreſeth his go-
odnes/wherfore I ſhal prayſe the
lyuinge god euery night.

And I ſhal ſaye vnto god my roc
ke of ſtone: wherfor forgeteſt me?
wherfore go I ſo heuely my eny-
mes vexinge me? and brekynge

my bones?

My enimes caſt me in the teth dayly ſaynge vnto me / where is thy god?

But oh my ſoule/thou art ſone deiected: and wherfore troubleſt me? truſte in god/for the tyme ſhal come that I ſhal geue thankis agene vnto my God for helthe reſtored.

¶ This Pſalme folowinge is off the ſame Argument and mater before.

GEue ſentence with me/ oh god/and defende my cauſe from the godleſſe/from the fraudelent myſcheuouſe delyuer me.

For thou (o god) art my ſtrength wherfore repelleſt me? wherfore go I thus heuyly my enymes be

inge me:
endeforth thy light and trouth/
t them lede me forth and ſet me
thy holy hil thy dwelling place
That J might go vnto the altare
f god/euen god my ioye and glad
es / and ſinge thankis vnto the
ith harpe oh God my God.
Oh my ſoule wherfore arte thou
eiected/ and wherfore makeſt me
o heuey: truſte in god/ for the tyme
ſhal come that J ſhal geue thankis
agene for my helth reſtored

¶ The Title of the Pſal.44 is al one with the foreſayd pſal.

¶ The Argument.

He complayneth vnto god/aſkin
ge that accordinge vnto the couenāt
made with the fathers/ he wol
e helpe vs for that we be adflicte
ynoughe.

Pſal.44. Deus auribus.

WIthe oure eares we haue herde/O god/our fathers puttinge vs in mynde off the workis (which while their ſelues lyued/thou wroughtſt in tyme paſt.

For thou with thy nowne hande (the gentils caſt out)ərdideſt greife them yn: thou deſtroydſt and dideſt caſt out miche peple.

For they gote not that londe wyth their ſwerde/nether dyd theyr owne arme ſaue them/but it was thy righthande/thy arme and the light of thy chere/for thy fauoure went with them.

For thou art that kinge and oure god/whyche ſendiſt thy ſauinge helith vnto Jacob.

Thou being our capitain/we blewe out out enimes as it were with hornes: we acouraged with thi ſtrength/trode them downe/ as many as roſe agenſt vs.

For our truſt conſiſted not in our bowes / nether was it oure owne ſwerde that ſaued vs.

But it was thou that ſauedſt vs from our enymes/and confoundedſt our aduerſaries.

Let vs therfore continually prayſe the our god/and euermore geue thankis vnto thy maieſtye. *Selah.

*So let vs do.

But now thou forſakeſte vs and caſteſt vs their laughinge ſtoke agenſt them to be reuyled/ nether goiſt thou forthe with our armye

Into flight thou turneſt vs before our enymes/and our aduerſaryes trede vs vnder their fete.

Thou haſt made vs lyke a flocke

of ſhepe alſo torne and wiried / as euen emonge the gentils thou ſcateredſt vs .

Thou ſoldeſte thy people for nothinge / nether dideſte thou ſteke ſtyffely cōtendinge for their price

Thou laydſt vs forth to be a ieſtinge ſtoke vnto oure neighbours to be a laughinge and mockinge ſtoke to thē that dwelt aboute vs.

Thou madiſt vs but a fable vnto the gentils / and in deriſion emonge the peple.

Our ignominye is euer before oure eyes: and the ſhame of our face kouereth vs.

ffor the noiſe of the rebuker and chyder / and enimes inuadinge vs

All theſe thinges are comen vpon vs / netheles yet we forget the not nether breke we thy couenant.

Our herte turneth not backe/ but thou declinedſt our ſteapis from thy pathe.

Thou beitiſt vs to pouder where dragons dennis were: and kouerdſt vs withe a deadly ſhadewe

Iff we had forgoten the name off oure God/and ſtretched forth our handis vnto any ſtrange god:

God might worthely haue enquered vpon this thinge / for it is he that knoweth the his thoughtis of the herte.

But for thy ſake are we kylled daylye/we be eſtemed as ſhepe apoynted vnto the bochers ſtalle.

Aryſe vp therfore/wherfore ſlepeſt thou ſo faſt/oh Lorde? Awake and forſake vs not vtterly.

Wherfore hideſte thou thy face?

wherfore forgeteſt thou both our affliccion and oppreſſion.

Ffor oure ſoule is depreſſed vnto the duſte/our bellye ſteketh faſte to the grounde.

Aryſe therfore and helpe vs/and delyuer vs for thy grete goodnes.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.45

¶ A louely ſonge adhortorye to be ſonge of the ſonnes of Chore.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A prayſe vnder the laude of the kinge and quene/that is to wete of the very kinge cryſte and his ſpouſe the chirche.

LEt my herte power forthe a pure oracion: that I might rendre my worke vnto the kynge.

Thou my tongue/ſe that thou beiſt the penne of a prompte redye ſcribe.

Of al men thou arte the fayereſte a grete grace fleeth forth of thi lippes/ye and that becauſe god hath bleſſed the for euer .

Begyrde thy loynes with thy ſwerde/oh moſt mighty prince: ſtepe forth in thy honour/glorye/& magnificence.

Aſcende and be caryed vpp withe theſe thingis as it were in thi chariet:that is to wite / withe verite/ faith/myldenes and iuſtice and aboue al/thy meruellouſe right hãde ſhal directe the.

Thy ſharpe arows mought perſe the hertis of the kynges enymes: the grete multitude be throne downe of the.

Thy ſeat royal/oh God/is perpetual the ſceptre of thy kingdome is the ſceptre of equite.

Thou loueſt rightwiſnes and hateſt iniurye/wherfore god thy god hath anoynted the with the ointement of gladnes aboue all thy felows.

Thy clothes be redolēt with mirrhe/muſke/and aumber/ſo goodly thou comeſt forthe off thy yuerye palaces wherin thou lyueſte ſo pleſauntly:kyngis daughters alſo do dwel in theſe thy ſo goodlye places.

The quene ſtandeth at thy right hande/in the moſte ryche & noble golden aparel.

Vnto hir thus do I turne my oracion/heare o daughter beholde ād geue eare/forgete thy people & the houſe of thy father.

For the kinge is taken withe thy incomparable bewtye/it is he that is thy lorde and thou ſhalt fal downe before him.

The daughters of Tyri / and the richeſt of the peple/ ſhal bringe giftes before the as thy ſuppliaūts

The goodly bewtye of the quene ſheweth al within forthe/ and all hir robis are clothes of tyſſwe broydred with golde ād made withe nedle werke.

She is led vnto the kinge / & virgins of hir nyghe kynne come after hir vnto the/o kinge.

Thei are brought with gladnes & grete ioye/ thei ar brought into the kinges palace.

For thy parents lefte (o quene) thou ſhalt haue children whom thoū ſhalt ſet forth to be prīces ouer al the worlde.

I ſhal remēber thy name vnto all

thy poſterite/ that euen that populoſe nacion mought praiſe the for euer and euer.

¶ The title of this Pſal.46.

¶ The ſonge adhortatorye of the childerne of Chore.

¶ The Argument.

¶ The chirche compared by an allegory vnto a defenſed cite/ cãnot be hurte: becauſe the lorde is preſent with it.

GOd is our refuge and ſtrẽgth: he is founde alſo to be our helpe vnable to be expreſſed in tyme of tribulacion.

Wherfore we fere not althoughe the erthe be moued/ and hilles be tombled downe into the botome of the ſea.

ye if hir waters ſwel ãd ryſe agẽſte vs: if the proude mountaynes grinne vpon vs. *Selah.

*Let them not ſpare

For it is the ſwete flowde withe hir ryuers that make glad the cyte of god which is the holy tabernacle of the moſt higheſt.

God is in the myddis off hir / ſhe ſhal not be hurte/for god wil ſone helpe her in tyme.

Let the ſediciouſe haithen ſwell / let the kingdoms ſtere vp ſtryfe/ and al the erthe crake & ſhake.

yet is the lorde of powers with vs and oure refuge is the god off Jacob. *Selah.

Come ād ſe the workis of the lorde/what deſolacions he hath made vpon the erth.

He hath baneſſhed batel vnto the fartheſt coſtis of the erth / he hath broke bowe/ſhafte and ſpere / and their chariets hath he brent in the fyer.

*ſo he is

Attende therfore and knowledge that J am the highe God euen ouer the gentils am J aboue al throughe al the erthe.

The lorde of powers is with vs/ and our refuge is the God of Jacob. *Selah.

*ſo he is

¶ The Title of the Pſal.47

¶ The ſonge adhortatory of the ſõnes of Chore.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A thankis geuinge for ſome victory/ cõtaininge the figure of criſt

Clappe your handis al peple/ ſinge ye vnto god ioyouſly.

ffor the lorde is highe/ & meruelous / he is the grete kynge ouer al therthe

He hath ſubdewed the peple vnto

vs / and caſte the gentyls vnder oure fete.

He hath choſen our heretage/euen the beutye of Iacob whom he loueth. *Selah.

* So he hath

God is lyfted vp with grete tryumphe: the lorde is exalted withe the noyſe of trompet.

Singe ye to god ſinge/ſinge ye to our kinge/ſynge.

For god is the kynge of the vniuerſal erthe: ſinge ye withe wyſedome.

God is kinge ouer the gẽtils/god ſitteth in his ſeat royal.

The cheif rulers of the people ar gathered togither before the God of Abraham:

For he is miche more excellent & aboue the goddis which ar the defenders of the erthe.

¶ The title oft he Pſal.48.

¶ The ſonge of praiſe of the ſonnes of Thore.

¶ The Argument.

¶ It is a praiſe of Jeruſalem/ which is a figure of the chirche and of euery faithful ſoule.

The lorde be magnified and highly prayſed/ for the cite of oure god/ his holy hill.

The mount zion/in whoſe northſyde the cyte of the grete kinge is ſituate/is a beutyful ladye/ and the flower of the hole londe.

God is wel knowne in hir/by the defence of hir houſes.

For lo / when kinges ether came thither or paſſed forebye it:

When they now beholde it / they be ſo aſtonyed/amaſed/and ſo wo der ther at:

Thei be ſo afrayd ther at and ſorowe as it were wemen in tyme of their trauele.

They be in lyke fere/as thoughe a ſoden ſtorme ſhulde blowe from the ſouthe and alſo breke the ſhippes of the ſea.

Theſe thinges haue we herde ād ſene in the cite of the lorde of powers/euen in the cite of oure God god mought preſerue hit for euer. *Selah.

*ſo he mought

We expreſſe thy goodnes oh god in the middis of thy temple.

Euen as thy maieſty/ſo is thy prayſe ſpred vnto the vttermoſt endes of the worlde: for thy right hāde is ful of iuſtice.

The mount zion mought be glad the daughters off Iuda moughte reioyſe for thy iugementes.

Walke ye rounde aboute zion/ vewe and tel hir towers.

Conſyder wel hir wallis/ and buyld vp hir howſes/ that ſhe maye be a memorial for them to come.

For here is god/ ye oure god for euer into euerlaſtinge: he wilbe oure goyde as longe as we lyue

¶ The Title

¶ The ſonge adhortatorye of the ſonnes of Chore.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A contemninge of worldely thinges.

Heare this thinge al peple/ geue eare al ye that inhabit the hole worlde.

As wel the loweſt and higheſt/ as riche and pore.

My mouth ſhal ſpeke wyſdome/ ãd my herte ſhal expreſſe trwe intelligence.

I ſhal diuerte vnto parables/and propowne my derke allegories in meter.

Wherfore ſhulde I fere any myſchaunce at any tyme/and ſo wrap my ſelfe in an heape of troubles?

For as for them that truſte in their goodis/and glorye in the multitude of their riches: none of thē in any maner off wyſe maye redeme his brother from deth nor bye his lyfe of god.

Noman may geue the price of his lyfe here to lyue euer/neuer to fele corrupcion: for this perpetuyte is denyed him.

For ye maye ſe as wel the wiſe as the fole both alyke dye & periſſh/

and leue their riches to other.

Although yet thei had decreed to haue dwelt euer in their owne closettis and howſes/ and to magnifie their names vpon the erthe/ euer to endure in their poſterite.

When it maye not be geuen to man/that he ſhulde reſte with his riches/but in this thinge he is lyke the beaſtis.

Siche is the pathe of foles / ⁊ their poſterite go in vnto the ſame.

*ſo they do. *Selah.

Whom redacte into their graue/ deth lyeth fedinge vpon them/ as the flok vpon their paſture.

But the iuſte ſhalbe in light/whē the treſure of theſe vngodly ſhalbe conſumed/and hel ſhalbe their hoſpital.

But god ſhal redeme my ſoule fro

me the power of hel/and counforte me. *Selah.

*ſo he ſhal.

Be not afrayd when thou ſeiſt a man made riche/and the glory of his houſe encreſed.

For at his deth he ſhal/of al nothinge receyue/nether his glory ſhal not folow him.

But whyle he lyueth his ſoule is called happye/he is prayſed whyle he is in proſperite.

But when he ſhal paſſe awaye to his fathers kynnered/he ſhal neuermore ſe light.

Man when he is in price and honour/he is without conſideracion he is compared and lyke the brute beaſtis.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.50

¶ The ſonge of Aſaph.

¶ The Argument.

¶ Here he threteneth/ god to come and to rebuke our vnrightwiſnes wherby we worſhip him contrary to his mynde / and thoſe thinges wherin he wolde cheifly be worſhypped/ we leue vtterly vndone.

THe lorde god ſo ſtrõge (the erthe called vp frome the eaſt vnto the weſte and frõ that goodly zion) ſhal ſpeke/ cominge in his maieſtie.

For our god ſhal come and not tarye/ a deuoueringe fier ſhal go before him/ and rownd about him a vehement whirlewinde.

He ſhal cal to him heuen aboue/ & the erthe beneth/ to cõtende with his people in iugement.

Sainge/ be you gatherd togither before me my faithfull/ ioyned to my couenaunt concerninge trwe ſacrifices.

Here the heuens ſhall preche his

rightwiſmakinge/for god him ſelfe wilbe iuge. *Selah.

*ſo he wil

Heare my peple/ for I ſhal ſpeke/ o Iſrael be thou thi ſelfe witnes/ whither I be not god: yea and that euen thy god.

Did I euer rebuke the for thi ſacrifices: or for thy dayly brent offeraunces to be offered before me:

Did I aſke ether bull of thy houſe or gote out of thy folde:

For/myne are al the beaſtis of the wodes/and thouſandis beaſts vpon the mountains.

The birdes of the hilles are wel knowne to me: & of the foulis of the felde am not I ignorant.

If I haue luſte to ete/ I nede not tel the/for al the worlde is myne & whatſoeuer is in it.

Do I ete o ye fleſh: or drike I go

tis blode? Laye thankis geuinge vnto the lorde: and paye thy promiſes vnto the moſt highe god

And then cal vpon me in tyme off tribulacion/ and I ſhall delyuer the:to thentent thou ſhuldſt magnifie me.

But contraryewyſe/thus ſpeketh god vnto the vngodly: wherfore precheſt thou my lawe/and takeſt my couenaunt into thy mouth?

When yet thou hateſt my diſcipline/ãd caſteſt my wordes at thy tayle?

When thou haſt goten a thefe thou runneſt with him: and laiſt in thy lotte with aduouterers.

Thou openneſte thy mouth vnto myſcheif:and thy tongue painteth forth deſaytes.

Thou ſitteſt and ſpekeſt agenſte

thy nowne brother/and deyeſt vniuſtly thy mothers ſonne.

These thinges thou doiſt/and yet do I wynke therat/beſyds al this as thoughe this were not ynoughe/thou thinkeſt me but lyke thi ſelfe: but I ſhall reaſon and conuynce the/and ſet my ſelfe in thy ſight.

Conſidere theſe thinges I praye you/wherby the rememberaunce of god is fallen awaye: leſt when I plucke you awaye/ there be none to delyuer you.

Who ſo ſlayeth laude and thankis geuinge/he magnifieth me/ & by this waye ſhal I ſhewe hym that ſauinge helthe that comethe from god.

¶ The Title of the Pſal. 51.

¶¶The ſonge adhortatory of Dauid/concerninge the cõminge of the prophete Nathan vnto him after that he had had a do with Bathſaba.ij.Reg.xij.

¶The Argument.

¶ A mynde knowleginge hir ſelfe gylty of aduoutry and murther/prayeth feruently that the lorde wolde reſtore hir/her former faith & confidence & tranquilite of mynde

HAue mercy vpon me oh god/accordinge vnto thy goodnes: for thy grete infinite mercyes do awaye my transgreſſions.

Nowe & yet agene waſhe me frõ my wikednes/and pourge me fro my ſinne.

For my transgreſſions do I knowlege/and my ſinne neuer gothe out of my mynde.

Agenſt the onely to haue ſo ſinned it beruweth me and it repenteth me to haue had done this greuouſe ſinne in thy ſight: wherfore iuſtifie me acordinge to thy promiſe and make me clene accordinge to thy equite.

Beholde/ with ſorowe and payne was I borne: and with ſinne my mother conceiued me.

Beſpreigne me with yſope and I ſhalbe clene: waſhe me/ and ſo ſhal I be whyter than ſnowe:

Shewe me ioye and gladnes/ and my bones ſhal reioyſe/ which thou haſt broken.

Auerte thy face fro my ſinnes/ and do awaye al my iniquites.

Create a clene herte in me oh god and a ſtable ſpirit renewe with in me.

Caſt me not out of thy ſight: and thy holy ſpirit take not fro me

Reſtore me the gladnes of thy sauinge helth: and ſuſtayne me with thy fre benigne ſpirit.

And I ſhal directe tranſgreſſors into thy waye: and ſinners ſhalbe conuerted vnto the.

Delyuer me from that blody ſynne oh god/oh god my ſauiour/that my tõgue might magnify the forme of thy rightwyſmakinge.

Open my lippes/Oh Lorde/ that my mouth mought ſhewe forthe thy prayſe.

For if thou louedſt any ſlayne sacrifice/I wolde paye it vnto the: but brent ſacrifices delyght not the.

The ſacrifice that god deſierth/is a contrite ſpirit/a broken and hom bled herte/theſe thinges(oh god) thou deſpiſeth not.

Be thou good and merciful therfore vnto zion/that the wallis off Jeruſalem mought be edified ãd preſerued.

For thus wilt thou be pleaſed with the ſlayne ſacrifices of rightwiſnes/with offraunce and brent ſacrifice/thus ſhal the very bullocks be put vpon thy autare.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.52.

¶ An admonicion adhortatorye of Dauid as touchinge the trecharye of Doeg the Idumey tellynge Saule that Dauid was come into the houſe of Abimelech.

¶ The Argument.

¶ He rebuketh proude temerariouſe tongued and ſheweth what vengeaunce abydeth them

Pſal.52. Quid gloriaris.

Wherfore thus arrogantly magnifieſt thou thy ſelf at al tymes/o myſcheuous geaunt?

Wherfore enforceth thy tongue myſcheife forginge deſayte like a newe ſette raſer?

Wherfore loueſt thou malice rather then honeſtye / rather to lye then to ſaye the trouth? *Selah.

* As thou doiſt.

For thou delyteſt in al maner off pernicionſe ſpeche/oh fraudulent tongue.

Wherfore/euen god ſhal vtterlye rende the vp by the rootis/and deſtroye the: he ſhal throo the downe alto broken oute of thy tabernacle / and plucke vppe thy rootis out off the lande off the lyuynge men. *Selah.

* So he ſhal.

Which thinge/the iuſte ſeinge th

ey ſhalbe aſtonned / saynge thus with ſcorne vpon him.

Lo this geaunt / whiche toke not god for his ſtrengthe/but truſted in the multitude of his riches/cleuinge vnto his owne myſcheif ad deſayte.

But I my ſelfe beinge off the familye of God floureſſhinge lyke the grene olyue/ ſhal truſte in the goodnes of god for euer and euer I ſhal geue the perpetual thãkis for thy goodnes done vnto me/ I ſhal worſhip thi name/for becauſe it is right accepte vnto thi faithful.

¶ The Title of the pſal.53

¶ An admonicion adhortatorye of Dauid concerninge the heretage.

¶ The Argument.

¶ It affirmeth al men to be vngodly and very ſinners/ & the vngodly rather to fayne/ then to haue the fere of god: and the ſaluacion of the godly to come of the lorde.

The vayn lyers ſaye in their hertes/ that god is not god: for thei are corrupt with ſinne and are become abominable/ there is none that wil do good.

God loked forth off heuen vpon the children of Adam/ to ſe whither any man ſauoured and ſought god.

And here euery man was gone from him/ they were altogither corrupte/ none dyd good/ no not won.

Is it not manifeſt that thei cõmitte ſinne? that thei deuoure my peple lyke meate? and that they call not vpon god?

That they fere thinges not to be

fered: but god ſhal ſhake the bones in ſondre of them that fighte agenſt the (oh Chriſt)
Thou ſhalt confounde them / for god aborreth them.
Oh/wolde God that the ſauinge helth were once ſent from zion vnto Iſrael: that when God reſtore the captiuite of his peple / Iacob mighte be glad and Iſrahel reioyſe.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.54.

¶ The admonicion adhortatorye of Dauid / ſunge at the orgains/ when the zepheis went and tolde Saule that Dauid was hyde and laye preuely amonge them.i.Reg.xxiij.and.xxvi.

¶ The Argument.

¶ An inuocacion of one beinge in grete diſtreſſe/ and a knowleginge of goddis benefits.

Pſal.54. Deus in nomine

GOD/ for thy namis ſake ſaue me/ & delyuer me by thy power.

Oh God here my prayer/ geue eare vnto the wordis off my mouthe.

For ſtrange enimes are riſen agẽſte me: and cruell tyraunts hauinge no reſpecte vnto God/ ſeke my

*ſo th lyfe. *Selah.

ey do. But lo/ God bringeth me helpe/ the lorde ſuſtaineth my ſoule.

He ſhal requite euil vnto my enymes/ and for his trowthis ſake deſtroye them.

Lyberally therfore ſhal J ſacrifye vnto the: and ſhall prayſe thy name oh lorde/ for it is good.

For he hath delyuered me out off al tribulacion/ ſo that nowe myne eye ſe hyr pleſure vppon myne enymes.

¶The Title of the Pſal.55.

¶The admonicion adhortatorye of Dauid/ſunge at the orgayns.

¶The Argument.

¶A feruent prayer/whiles our frēdis aliened from vs/ar become more cruel and woder agenſt vs/then our enimes.

OH god here my prayer and turne not awaye my deſier.

Attende vnto me and here me beginninge and kryinge with grete noyſe.

For the yellinge out of my enymes/for the fierce incurſion off the vngodly:obiectinge grete crymes agenſt me which nowe in a furye are bent to runne vpon me:

My herte fainteth in me / and deadly feare is caſte vpon me.

Feare and tremblinge are fallen into me/ ād horrible drede ouerwhelmed me.

And I thoughte withe my ſelfe/ wolde god I had dowues wings that I mighte fle awaye to haue reſte.

Lo/ then wolde I fle ful farre hence/ and diuerte into the wildernes

*ſo I wolde

*Selah.

I wolde ſpede me to eſcape more ſwiftly then any grete ſoden whirlewynde.

Skater them lorde ād dyuyde their tongues : for I ſawe the cyte full of iniurye and ſedicion .

Which myſcheif/ daye and night walked aboute the wallis of it/ ād in the middes therof was there miſerable affliccion and heuye heapis of miſerye.

In the middis therof wiked fraude: Vſury ãd deſayte go neuer out of hir ſtreatis.

But and if it had bene myne enemye that thus reuyled and Vexed me/I coud haue borne it: ãd if my haters had thus oppreſſed me / I coude haue had auoyded them.

But it was thou oh my nowne felowe/my ccmpanion/ my familiare/ſo wel knowne: Vnto whome I committed ſo louingly my ſecretis/with whom gladly I went into the houſe of god.

Fle thou Vpon them oh deth/and let them go quicke into their graues / for malice raigneth in theyr houſes/ãd myſcheife dwelleth ſecretly in their hertis .

But I cryed Vnto god/and the lorde ſaued me.

E

Pſal.56. Miſerere the.ii.

Haue mercy vpõ me/o god/ for there is one that tredeth me doune and with cõtinuall warre vexeth me.

My daylye enymes trede me vnder their fete/for there are many that proudly fight agenſte me.

But yet when ſo euer any feare aſſayleth me/then in the (o lorde) do I truſte.

In the promyſe of god do I glory in god do I truſte:nether do I feare what man can do to me.

Thei maligne and vexe me in all that I do or ſaye/thei take al their counſails to myſcheue me.

They diſſemble & kepe themſelfe cloſſe/they obſerue my ſtepis and waite howe they myght take my ſoule.

But yet al in vayne/for it ſhal eſcape from them: for it is thou Oh god which in thi wrath caſteſt downe the multitude of the peple.

Thou telleſt my flightis/and my teres thou putteſt vp into thy botell/are they not al in thy rekeninge boke?

What daye ſo euer I call vppon the/anon my enymes turne theyr backes/wherby I am certified verely that thou art my god.

In goddis worde do I glorye/ yn the promyſe of the Lorde do I reioyſe.

In God is my truſte / I fere not what ſo euer man can do to me.

Vnto the (oh god) ſhal I hole committe my ſelfe/vnto the ſhal I geue thankis.

For it is thou that haſte delyuerd my ſoule from deth: ye and my fete frome ſlydinge / that I might walke before god in the light off the lyuinge.

¶ The Title of the pſal. 57

¶ The ſonge adhortatory of Dauid Called / Deſtroye me not / & called alſo the delicate. When he fled from Saule into the Denne. i. regum. xxij. and. xxiiij.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A thankiſgeuinge for the meruelous delyueraunce from his ſo grete perels.

HAue mercy vpon me (oh god) haue mercy vppon me / for in the do my ſoule truſte and vnder the ſhadew of thy wynges is my confidence vntill this malice be paſſed ouer.

I crye vnto the hyghe God / euen God which fineſheth all that he hath begunne in me.

He ſhal ſende from heuen and delyuer me: he ſhal caſt him into ſhame and obprobrye that ceaſſeth not to trede me vnder his fete / he ſhal ſende me helpe I ſaye for his goodnes and trouthes ſake.

He wyll delyuer my ſoule lyinge in the middes of theſe wode lions that is to ſaye emonge the ſonnes of Adam / whoſe tethe are ſperes & dartes / but their tongue is a ſharpe ſwerde.

Be thou exalted o god aboue the heuens / and lift vp thy glorye and maieſtie aboue al the erthe.

For they haue prepared a net for my fete to take my ſoule / they haue digged vppe a pitte before me into the which/their ſelues ſhall fall. *Selah.

* So they ſhal.

My herte is redy oh god/my herte is redye to ſinge and prayſe the

Awake my ſoule awake with harpe and lute/and I my ſelfe ſhall awake right erlye.

That I might magnifie the Oh lorde emonge the peple/and prayſe the amonge the gentils.

For thi grete goodnes recheth vp vnto the ſkye/ād thy faithfulnes vnto the cloudes:

Be thou exalted o God aboue the ſkye and lyfte vpp thy gloriouſe maieſty aboue al the erthe.

¶ The title of the Pſal.58.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid adhortatorye called Deſtroye me not.

¶ The Argument.

¶ The audacite of the vngodlye.

uen from their mothers wombe is deſcribed / and what ende abideth them.

Iff ye thinke trwly vpon iuſtice: iuge then that at right is / ye ſonnes of Adam.

But ye rather conceiue ſynne and myſcheif in your hertis / youre hãdes be ſtretched forth vnto robery and rauine vpon the erthe.

The vngodly are naught euen from their mothers wombe / thei erre anone as they be borne / ſpeking lyes.

They boyle in them ſelue as hotte in venome as edders / they ſtoppe their eares lyke the wylye deffe ſerpent called aſpis.

Which wilnot here the voice off the charmere / charme he neuer ſo wyſelye.

Oh god alto breke their tethes in their mouthes / breke them in peſes/euen the very wange tethe of theſe lyons whelpis oh Lorde

Make them melte and ſo ſinke awaye lyke water: when thei bende to ſhote their arowes / breke them in peſis with their owne ſhaftis.

Drye them vppe lyke ſnailis and conſume them lyke the childe borne before the tyme ere it euer ſee ſonne.

Plucke them vp lyke an hawthorne/before their thornes be ſharpe/ let a ſoden whirlewinde with grete violence take them awaye quycke.

So that then the rightwiſe maye wel reioyſe/when he ſee this vengeaunce/and bathe his fete in the blode of the vngodly.

For euen then ſhal it be ſayd/ Verely/the rewarde abydeth the rightwyſe: douteles it is God that yet delyuerethe vs vppon the erthe.

¶ The Title of the Psal 59.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid called ne perdas/ When Saul had cloſed his howſe aboute/ to haue ſlayne him.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A thankis geuinge and a prayer deſyeringe ſich ſhameleſſe ſinners ſo beſeginge him/ vtterly to be deſtroyde.

DElyuer me frome my enymes my god: ⁊ defende me frome my ryſers agenſte me.

Delyuer me frome theſe doers off myſcheif: and ſaue me frome theſe blodye men.

For lo/ thei laye awayte for my lyſe/horribly they runne vppon me giltleſſe/oh lorde.

Thei are bente and comen vppon me fautleſſe:aryſe and beholde/ & helpe me.

But thou therfore oh lorde god of powers the god of Iſrael/aryſe & punyſſhe all theſe haithen : pitye not al theſe wiked tranſgreſſours *Selah.

* No do not

Let them runne wanderinge about the cyte vntil euentyde howlinge lyke houndes.

Lo they saye agenſte me with their mouthes/ſwerdis are in theyr lippes/ thinkinge that none ſhall puneſſhe them.

But thou lorde ſkorneſt them/ād deſpyſeſt al theſe haithen.

Frome the/ do I acknowlege my ſtrength to haue come to me : for thou(oh god)art my caſtel.

Oh God/it is thy goodnes that preuenteth me/it is god that techeth me how to handle my enimes Slaye them not(ſaith he)leſt my peple be made negligent:but ſkater them awaye by thy nowne power and caſte them downe/ oh lorde our ſhilde.

For the ſinne of their owne mowthe/for the ſpeche off their owne lippes/and their owne pryde.

Let them be trapped and takē:for their periurye and lyes/let eche of them al be fables in mennis mowthes.

Conſume them in thy wrath/conſume them that thei nowhere apere/that men maye ſe vnto the vttermoſt cooſtis off the erthe that it is the lorde that raigneth ouer

*So it is. Jacob.*Selah.

Let them wander and runne aboute the cite vntil night/howlinge like houndes.

Euen ſo let theſe men be ſkatered abrode to ſeke their meate/ but let them ſlepe with emptye belles

But I ſhall prayſe thy ſtrengthe geuen me / and erely preche thy mercye/for thou haſte bene my defender and my refuge in tyme off my diſtreſſe.

Vnto the(oh my ſtrength) ſhal I ſinge/for thou(oh God) thou arte my protectour/my God / my treſure.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.60

¶ The ſonge of Dauid adhortatory/ called the beutyfull lyle of the congregacion / for an enſtruccion when he ſhulde go forth to fighte agenſte the Syrions of Meſopota mye and agenſte the Syrions of zobe Joab/whence he returninge ſlewe in the vale of Salis aboue. vij thouſande of the Idumeys.ij.Regum.viij.and.x.and.j.Paralipo. xviij.

¶The Argument.

¶After the Phyliſtēs had ſore aſſawted him/he praid the lorde for his promiſes ſake to reſtore & make perfit his kingdome.

OH god thou hadſt repelled and broken vs:thou diſdayneſt and thruſteſt vs frome the.

Thou haſt ſmiten togither & broken our lande/ heale her breaches for ſhe reeleth lyke to fal.

Thou ſhewdſt thy peple ſore and heuy chaunces/thou gaueſt vs a cuppe off wyne full off feare and drede.

But geue a token (I praye the) to them that fere the/that thei maye take herte agayne at the cominge of thy rightwiſnes and equite.

*Selah.

*So they maye

That thy welbeloued mighte be delyuered: heare and ſaue vs with thy right hande.

God hath promyſed it in his holy temple/which promiſe maketh me glad: I ſhal diuyde Sichem/ & meat out the Vale of Suchoth

Galaad is myne / and Manaſſes is myne/ Ephraim is the ſtrẽgth of my head/ Iuda is my leader.

Moab is my goodly potte / vnto Idumea ſhal I ſtretche forth my ſhoes/ the Philiſtens ſhal come to me with ioye.

Who directed me vnto the defenſed cyte? Who led me vnto Idumeam?

Was it not thou (oh god) whiche hadſt once forſaken vs / and didſt not go forth with our hooſte?

Whiche helpeſt vs in oure nede/ for vayne is mannis helpe.

But by the power of god we ſhal do grete thingis right wel: for it is he that tredeth downe our enymes.

¶ The title of this Pſal. 61.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid adhortatorye.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A prayer ſpokē out of the wel of faith/and thankes geuinge for cryſte promyſed.

OH God here my cryinge / attende vnto my prayer.

I beinge in grete anxt of mynde krye vnto the from the fartheſt cooſtis of the erthe: leade me vp into an higher rocke then I my ſelfe am able to clyme.

For thou art my hope/my ſtronge tower to defende me frome my enymes.

Let me dwell in thi tabernacle for euer/let me be ſuer vnder the koueringe of thy wynges. *Selah.

* So let me

For thou god hereſt my deſyers/& thy heretage thou geueſt to the fearers of thy name.

Thou ſhalt adde mo dayes vnto the kinges age/that his yeris maye endure throughe euery generacion.

That he maye dwell perpetually before god/thi goodnes and faithfulnes mought preſerue him

And thus ſhal I prayſe thi name for euer/that I might daylye performe my promyſes.

¶ The Title of the pſal.62.

¶ The ſonge adhortatory of Dauid.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A ſoden prayer which procedeth out of a pure faith.

AND yet ſhal my ſoule obſerue and wait vpon god alone/ for of him depēdeth my ſaluacion.

And yet is he onely my ſtonney rocke/ and ſauinge helthe/ he is my proppe that I ſhall not gretly reele.

How longe laye ye awayte for whom ye liſte all you togither/ and ſlaye downe tight/ as a relynge wall or roten hedge is caſte downe:

your counſel is onely of his ſtate and to caſte him downe/ ye delyte in lyes/ye praiſe with your mouthe and curſe with youre herte.

* So ye do. *Selah.

But yet ſhal my ſoule obſerue ãd waite vpon god onely/for of him dependeth my abydinge.

And yet is he onely my rocke and my ſaluacion/he is my proppe that J ſlyde not.

Vnto god cleuethe my ſaluacion ⁊ al that J haue/ my trwe glorye/ my ſtrength ãd my hope is in god

Truſte in him ye peple at al tymes/power forth your hertis before him/it is god which is oure hope euerlaſtinge.

But yet ful vayne are the childerne of Adam: thei be ſo vayne liers that if thou layeſt them in a payer of bylaunces agẽſt vanite/yet wil vanite waye thẽ al doune togither

Put not your truſte in iniury & robery/geue not your ſelues to vanite/riches if thei flowe vnto you/ ſet not your herte vpon them

Once did god ſpeke a certayn thinge which I herde more then once or twyſe/that is to weit / that al power is of the Lorde almyghtye.

And that thou lorde arte all good and mercyful/and that thou lorde geueſt vnto euery man after his deadis.

¶The Title of the Pſal. 63.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid when he was in the deſerte of Juda. i. Regum. xxij.

¶The Argument.

¶he geueth thankis vnto god/ for that he neuer forſaketh him.

Pſal.63. Deus deus meus.

OH God thou arte my god/Vnto the do I haſte my ſelfe/ ſo feruently doth bothe my ſoule and bodye thyrſte for the.

In this drye deſerte for lak of water do I apere before the nonother wyſe then if I were in thy holye temple to beholde thy ſtrength & glorye.

For thy goodnes is miche better to me then this lyfe/ãd my lippes praiſe the.

Wherfore al dayes of my lyfe do I magnifie the: and in thy name lyfte I vp my handis.

My ſoule is ſatiſfied as it were with fate delicates/when my mouth with glad lippes prayſe the.

Euen in my bedde do I thinke vpon the/and in the watchis of the night I remember the.

For it is thou that helpeſt me / ād in the ſhadewe of thy wynges do I reioyſe.

My ſoule cleueth faſte vnto the / thy righthonde ſuſtayneth me

In vayne therfore do theſe men ſeke my ſoule: for vnder the erthe ſone ſhal thei go hence.

Thei ſhall goo their wayes vnto that parte where the ſwerde deſtroyth / foxes ſhal deuoure them.

But the kinge ſhal reioyſe in god thei ſhalbe glad all that ſwere by him / but the mouthe off men ſpekinge lyes ſhalbe ſtopped.

¶ The Title of the Pſal. 64

¶ The ſonge of Dauid adhortatorye.

¶ The Argument.

¶ He prayeth that the lorde wolde delyuer him from the ſnaris of his enymes/and he threteneth the their owne myſcheif.

OH god here my voyce whē I nowe praye: that thou woldſt delyuer my lyfe frō the feare of my enymes.

Defende me from the preuye enginnes of the maliciouſe/and frō the wodnes off them that worke myſcheif.

Which whette their tongues lyke a ſwerde/ and bende their bowes to ſhote forthe theyr dedly arowes.

Preuely to ſmyte the innocent ād ſodenly to tache him/for they are without al fere.

Thei haue decreed a myſcheife amonge themſelues/thei haue counſcelled togither of ſnares preuely to be bente/ſaynge:who ſhal ſe them?

They ſeke vngracious counſails they be al geuen to inuent myſchcif euery man in his owne boſome and breſte.

But god ſhal ſmyte them vnwaris with his arowe / where with they ſhalbe plaged.

Then ſhal their owne tõgues ſo wounde them ſelues/that who ſo ſee them ſhal tremble.

Then ſhal euery man vnderſtande and ſhewe forth the worke off god/and ſaye it was wyſely done.

The iuſte ſhal in the mean ceaſõ be glad in the lorde/ and truſte in him/and al men ſhal reioyſe whiche are right in herte.

¶ The Title of the pſal.65.

Pſal.65. Te decet.

¶ The ſonge adhortatorye of Dauid with thankis geuinge.

¶ The Argument.

¶ He beſecheth god of his mercye for his almighty prouidence & power/which he here precheth/ prayinge to remit his ſinnes.

Vnto the (oh god) prayſe is geuen in zion / Vnto the/men paye their promyſes.

Thou hereſt prayer/Vnto the therfore cometh euery man.

Our heuye iniquites ſhulde ouercome vs/onleſſe thou lorde gaueſt vs forgeuenes of our trāſgreſſiōs

Oh howe bleſſed is he whō thou haſt choſen and ioyned to the to dwel in thy courte / that he mought be ſatiſfied with the goodis of thi houſe which is thi holy tēple.

For thi meruelous mercy here vs

(oh god) our sauinge helth/the hope of al the coostis both of the erthe and wyde see.

Which girte with strength settethe fast the hilles in their myght

He swageth the wodenes off the sea/the roringe waters and swellinge of the peple he peaseth.

Thei that dwel in the vttermoste coostis of the erthe/ are afrayd at thy tokens.

The frutes that come forthe ether eueninge or morninge/thou makest thē flowresshe into thy prayse

Thou visitest the erthe/ thou watereste it and enrycheste it aboundantly.

Thi riuers (oh god) flowe forth with plentuouse waters/wherwith thou preparest foode for men/ for euen thus the erth is prepared

Thou watereſt hir vorows/ thou brekeſt hir ſtourdye clottis / thou makeſt hir ſofte with ſubtyle and ſmall ſhowers/and encreaſeſt her oute ſpringe.

Thou crowneſte the erthe wythe thy benygne liberalite / and the whelis off the carte drope fatnes.

They drope fatnes alſo euen the goodly plentuouſe paſtures/ and the hill toppis ar girte with gladnes.

The flockis of ſhepe are couered with graſſe / and the vales laden with wheate/laughe and ſynge.

¶ The Title of the pſal. 66.

¶ The ſonge adhortatory of Dauid with thankisgeuinge.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A generall thankisgeuinge of all

Iſrael/ which they vſed in their ſolempne feſtis/ when as yet thei offered but carnall offeraunces and vowes.

SInge withe prayſe vnto god al ye inhabitours of the erthe/ loaue ye the hyghe maieſtye of his holy name/ geue glorye and prayſe vnto him.

Saye vnto god/ oh howe wonderful are thy workis/ thy almighty power fruſtrateth thenforcemẽts of thyne enymes.

Al the erthe mought faldowne before the and ſinge vnto the/ ãd prayſe thi name. * Selah.

* So it mought

Come and beholde the workis of god/ and his meruelous counſels aboue the childerne of men.

Which turned the ſeas into drye

londe/ſo that thei paſſed thorowe the flowde on fote/and then were reioyſed in him.

Whiche by his power raignethe from euerlaſtinge/his eyes beholde the gentils/who ſo forſake him ſhall not exalte them ſelues.

*No they ſhal not

*Selah.

Loaue oure God O ye peple/ and put forth a lowd/the voyce off his prayſe.

Which endeweth vs with lyfe/ & ſuffreth not our fete once to ſlyde

Although yet thou proueſt vs(oh God)to trye vs euen as ſyluer is tryed:

Bringinge vs into the ſtockis ād gyrdynge oure loynes wyth chaynes.

Thou layeſt ſore men vppon our headis as burdens vpon beaſtis/

we go thorowe fyer and water/ but thou ledeſt vs oute into grete refreſſhinge.

I am come therfore vnto thy houſe with brente ſacrifices to paye vnto the my vowes which I promyſed with my lippes ãd expreſſed with my mouth when I was in diſtreſſe and anxyte.

I offere vnto the/fatte brente ſacrifices withe the ſwete reeke off wethers/I ſlaye for the both oxē and gotes. *Selah.

* So I do.

Come hither and heare al ye that fere the lorde/whyle I ſhewe you what thinges he hath done vnto my ſoule.

Vnto hī am I wonte to crye with my mouthe/and with my tongue in it/I extol him.

If I fele my ſelfe gyltye vnfaith

fulnes:the lorde hereth me not.
But now verely God hath herde me/and luſteneth vnto the voyce of my prayer.

Thankis be to god which nether repelleth my prayer / nor yet his mercye from me.

¶ The Argument.

¶ In this pſalme we praye that the lorde wolde voicheſafe to manifeſte him ſelfe vnto all nacions: for ſo then ſhulde al men knowe hi and beleue in him

God haue mercye vppon vs and be graciouſe vnto vs: he moughte ſhewe his preſens vnto vs. *Selah. *So he mought.

That thy waye mought be knowne throughe the worlde / and thy ſauinge helthe throughe all nacions.

That the populoſe multitude might praiſe the (oh god) that al peple might loaue the.

That the peple might be glad ād reioyſe/ becauſe that thou ruleſte them with equite and gouerneſte the nacions throughe the worlde.

That the peple might prayſe the (Oh God) that all peple might prayſe the.

God which is oure god be benigne and liberal vnto vs/ that the erthe mought geue forth her yerely frutes with encreaſe.

God be benigne and graciouſe vnto vs/ that al the cooſtis of the erthe mought feare him.

❡ The Title

❡ The ſonge adhortatory of Dauid with thankiſgeuinge.

❡ The Argument.

Pſal.68. Exurgat deus.

¶The reioyſinge of his faith/which aſcribeth al/ and herſelfe to/ vnto god/he ſingeth the noble actis of god/and threteneth the gentils at laſt to yilde them ſelfe vnto god/which was ſene when Criſte was preched throughe the worlde

Awaye/and let god aryſe/lo nowe ſhall his enymes be diſperſed/and his haters fle out of his ſight.

Thei ſhalbe diſperſed lyke ſmoke/for as waxe melteth awaye at the fyer/euen ſo periſſhe the vngodlye at his preſence

But the iuſte ſhalbe glad and reioyſe at the cominge of God/they ſhal ſpringe and leape/for ioye.

They ſhal ſinge vnto god and to his name/they ſhal ſtande of eche ſide of his waye/ whiche is caryed vnto vs as the ſōne vnto the weſt

Whoſe name is *Jehouah. reioyſe ye before him.

*The Lorde

For he wilbe father to the fatherleſſe/delyuerer of the pore wedewes/euen god which inhabitethe his owne holy place.

Euen god which both ſetteth mẽ of one mynde in his houſe/ad the bounde in preſen he happely ledeth forth/whiles in the meane ceaſon the falſe unbeleuers ar holdẽ with ponerty & nede of al thinges

Oh god/when thou wentſt forthe before thy peple/when thou wentſt with them in the wildernes.

*Selah.

*As thou didſt in dede

The erth was ſhakẽ togither/the heuẽs did ſweat at thi preſence(o god)which apperedſt in Sinai/euẽ at thi preſens (oh god) whiche arte the god of Iſrael.

Euen god which of thy liberalite ſendeſt ſhowers vnto thy heretage/and when it is syke and pore thou reſtoreſt and refreſſheſt it agene.

And efte ſone thi droues and heerdes of beaſtis graaze in it/which thinge (oh God) thou procureſte vnto the poore/off thy nowne goodnes.

Lorde it is thou whiche committeſt it vnto thoſe wemen to ſhewe thy commaundement frome the grete hooſte.

That kinges withe their hooſtis be fledde and ſlipt awaye/and the pore homely deuyded the ſpoyle.

Then ſhal ye reſte lyke the ryuer betwene the bãkes/as it were betwixt the wynges of the doue whyter then ſiluer/whoſe yelow backe ſhyneth aboue any golde/ which doue hangeth in the ayer.

Whyles the almyghty god/ which ruleth and commaundeth euē the kinges/had ſo ordyned the erthe that the mounte zalmon ſhulde flowe withe mylke as wythe ſnowe.

And that Baſan ſhulde be the hil of God / ye Baſan ſhulde be that hil which ſhulde be pale for the aboundaunce of cheeſe.

ye hilles /wherfore inuye you this hil ſo bountiful with cheeſe? whē God loueth to dwell yn this hill? for the Lorde wyll dwell in it for euer.

Thy chariets (oh god) ar thouſande thouſandes accompanyed with infinite angels/ wherein thou lorde art caryed vnto Sinai/and backe agene vnto thy holy temple.

Thou aſcendeſt on highe/the captiuite captiues/giftis receyued emonge men: ye thou receiuedſt thi very enimes that thei mought dwel with the lorde god.

Thankis be vnto the Lorde God throughe euery age/whiche hath laden vs with his holſome benefits. *Selah.

*ſo he hath.

Euen vnto god which is vnto vs a ſauiour: ye vnto the Lorde God by whom we eſcape the deth.

Euen vnto God which on the tother ſyde ſmyteth his enemys: he ſmyteth of the crowne of the hearye obſtinat head off the forlorne man perſeueringe in his myſcheife.

For the lorde ſayd/I ſhal reſtore my beloued from Baſſan/I ſhal

reſtore him from the depe ſea
So that thy fote and the tõgue of
thy houndis ſhalbe dipped in the
blode of thy enimes.
Al men ſhal beholde the põpe off
thy triumphe (oh God) the goyn-
ge of my god and my kinge which
arte in the ſecrete holy place
Singers ſhal come forth agenſte
the with muſyk inſtruments/and
with maydens playnge vpon th-
eir virginals..
ye and euen the hole congregacion
ſhal praiſe god/thei ſhal loaue the
euen at the wellis o lorde of iſrael
Here ſhal litel Beniamin go befo
re the princes of Juda/as zabulõ
and Nephtalim ⁊ ſhal iuge them
Thus hath thy God ſtableſſhed
thy ſtrength: Cõfirme (o god) that
thige which thou haſt done for vs

Vpon thy temple and vpon Ieruſalem.

Vnto the/euen kynges ſhal brynge gyftes.

Thou ſhalt dryue beaſtes wythe a reede/ the droues and herdis with their calues / that is to ſaye the gentils kickinge agenſt the / and gouen vnto riches/thou ſhalt ſkater the peple whyche delyte in batayle.

There ſhall come ambaſſiadours frome Egypte/a meruelous grete power off india ſhall runne vnto God.

*So they ſhall.

The kyngdomes of the erthe ſhal ſinge vnto god/thei ſhall ſinge vnto the Lorde. *Selah.

Which ſitteth rydinge frome the beginninge vpon the heuens/and putteth forth his voice/ye and that a myghty voyce.

Attribute power and ſtrength vnto the god of Jſrael/ whoſe magnificence and might recheth vnto the clowdes.

God is to be dreaded from his ſecrete ſanctuary/ euen the God off Jſrael which geueth vnto his peple power and ſtrength. Glorye be vnto god.

¶ The Title of the pſal.69.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid adhortatorye called Liles / Roſes/ or Violets.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A prayer of one in grete and longe diſtreſſe which is the figure of the ſufferaunce of Cryſte & of his membres.

Pſal.69. Saluum me fac

SAue me god / for waters are entred and pearſe me vnto my ſoule:

J ſteke in the depe claye where is no botome J am come in to the depe ſea/and the violent ſtreme ouerwhelmeth me.

J am wery of cryinge / my throte is hoorſe/my eyes are waſted with lokinge vp vnto my god .

They that hate me are farre mo then the heares of my head .

My enymes wex ſtronge and oppreſſe me with out a cauſe/ ye falſely thei perſecute me : and thoſe thinges which J neuer toke/now am J conſtrayned to repaye.

God/thou knoweſte my ſimplicite/and my fawtes are not hid frome the.

Let them not (J beſeche the) be

ſhames for my ſake which truſte in the (oh lorde god of powers) let them not (I praye the) be confoundes throughe me / whiche ſeke the (oh god of Iſrael.

For/ for thy ſake I am bothe revyled/and ſhame covereth my face.

I am become a ſtranger vnto my nowne bretherne / and a waye farer to my mothers childerne.

For/the zele that I bere to thi houſe hath procured me ſorowe / the ſpightful rebukes of men revylinge the/fyl vpon me.

I wept and febled my ſelfe withe faſte: but al was turned into my ſhame and obprobrye.

I did vpō me ſacke/ but for ſo doinge they ieſted vpon me .

They made me theyr laughynge

ſtok that ſate in the gate/and the dronkerds in tauerns made ſonges vpon me.

But here in good tyme I offer my prayer vnto the (oh lorde god) helpe me for thy infinite mercy/with thy preſent and aſſuered ſaluacio̅

Take me vppe oute off this toughe claye/and let me no lenger ſteke in it/delyuer me frome my haters and frome the depth off this ſea.

Let not/I beſeche the/theſe ſwellinge waters ouerwhelme me/nor this whirlepitte ſwelowe me in/ and ſhut vp her mouth ouer me.

Here me (oh Lorde) for thy ſwete goodnes/for thi infinite mercy loke vpon me.

And turne not thy face frome thy ſeruaunt/for I am in diſtreſſe/haſte the to helpe me .

Drawe nighe to redeme me/ delyuer me/for becauſe my enymes blaſpheme the .

Thou knoweſt my obprobrye/ rebukes/ſhame/and ignomynye/all my enymes are in thy ſight .

My herte is broken and ouercome with obprobryes and rebukes / I loke for ſome to pitie me/but there is non: I waited for ſome counforters/but I finde non.

Thei did put gall into my meate and when I thirſted thei gaue me to drinke Vinaiger.

Let their owne table before them be turned into their owne ſnare/requyte them withe lyke meate and drinke into their owne fal .

Let their eyes be derkened that they ſe not/ and their loynes weake

continually to flyde.
Por et forth vpon them thy indi-
gnacion/and let the furye off thy
wrath take them.
Let their houſes be deſolate/and
in theyr tabernacles no man to
dwell.
For whom thou hadſt ſmiten th-
ey yet perſecuted: and wounded
him whō thou hadſt plaged.
Laye vppon heapis off myſcheife
for them ſelues/and let them ne-
uer be partakers of thy rightwyſ-
makinge.
Blot them oute of the boke of the
lyuynge men/And let them not be
writen emonge the iuſte.
But me/bothe pore and ſorowful
let thy ſauinge helthe defende oh
god.
That I mighte magnifye the na-

me of god in meter/and extol it highely with thankis geuinge.

Wher in the lorde miche more delyteth then in bullis as calues armes with horne and houue.

Hereto haue ye reſpecte oh ye hōble and reioyſe/ ſeke god and your ſoule ſhal lyue.

For the lorde hereth the pore afflicte/and his preſoners he deſpiſeth not.

Heuen and erthe mought prayſe him/the ſea and what ſo euer crepith in it loaue him.

For god ſhal ſaue zion/and the cytes of Juda ſhalbe preſerued / inhabited and poſſeſſed.

For the ſead of his ſeruants ſhal poſſede it:and who ſo loue his name ſhal dwel in it.

Pſal.70. Deus in adiutorium.

¶ This Pſalme is off the ſame Argument with the former.

OH god ſpede the to deliuer me/oh lorde haſte the into my helpe.

Aſhamed and confounded mought thei be/that ſeke my ſoule/let them be turned bakwarde wythe ſhame whyche couet to hurte me.

Let them be put to flyght with cõfuſion which with a gaude cry at me/ohe ohe.

But they al mought ioye and be glad in the/which ſeke the ãd loue that ſauinge helthe whiche is of the/thei mought ſaye contynually/god be highly praiſed.

I am careful and pore (oh God): but thou lorde haſte the to helpe/and delyuer me/and tarye not.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A prayer and thankis geuinge that the Lorde voichſaueth to be preſent as wel in our age/as yougth/becauſe there is no age without tribulacion

IN the/oh lorde/ do I truſte let me neuer be confounded for thou delyuereſt and takeſt me vnto the for thy mercyes ſake/thou heareſt me and thou ſaueſt me.

Thou art my ſtronge rocke vnto whome I euer flee/thou haſte decreed to ſaue me/for thou arte my rocke and my bulwerke.

My god delyuer me from the hande of the vngodlye/and frome the power off the vniuſte and cruell man.

For thou (Lorde God) art my expectacion and my hope euen from my yonghth.

Vnto the do I cleue euen frō my mothers wombe / thou pluckedſt me out of my mothers bellye / wherfore all my prayſe I doo ſpende vpon the .

I am become a prodigiouſe monſter vnto many men / but thou art my truſte.

Wherfore I prayſe the with full mouth / my mouth is ful of thy glorye at al tyme.

Caſte me not awaye in myne olde age / and whan nowe my ſtrength fayleth me / ſe that thou yet forſakeſt me not.

For my enymes conſpyre agenſte me / and they that laye awayte for my ſoule counſell togither ſaynge.

God hath forſaken him / perſue and take him / for there is none to helpe him.

God/be not farre fro me/my God haſte the to helpe me.

Thei mought be aſhamed and periſſh that are agenſt my ſoule/ let them be kouered withe obprobrye and ignominye whiche ſtudye to hurte me.

But let me be euer conſtant / and encreſe onely all thy gloriouſe prayſe.

Let my mouthe magnifie thy rightwyſmakinge and thy sauynge helthe at al tyme/wherof J know non ende.

Let me entreyn lorde to remember thy power and thy rightwiſmakinge onely.

For thou(god) euen fro my chyldehede vnto this preſent daye teacheſt me to preche thy meruelous actes.

Forſake me not nowe in myne olde age and horē head (oh god) that I might yet preche thy power vnto this poſterite and declare thy arme vnto all men to come.

And alſo extolle highly thi rightwiſnes (oh god) wherby thou haſt fineſſhed grete thinges / (oh God) who is lyke the?

Which haſte ſhewed me tribulacions and many greuous afflicciōs / and efte ſone thou reſtoredſt me and lyftedſt me vp agene / euē out of the depe erthe.

Thou encreaſedſt me with honoure and dignite / and after my trouble didſt counforte me.

Wherfore I do magnifie the and thy trouthe (oh my god) with Lute and Organs / I ſinge vnto the with harpe o holy maker of iſrael

My lippes deſyer to prayſe the/ye my ſoule which thou haſt redemed deſiereth to loaue the.

My tongue is euermore talkinge of thy iuſte dealinge: for they are confounded and ſhamed that honte to do me myſcheiſe.

¶ The title of the Pſal.72.

¶ The prayer of Solomon

¶ The Argument.

¶ A prayer for himſelfe/and his peple: wherby cryſte and his chirch is ſigniſied.

OH god/ endewe the kynge with equite/geue the ſonne of the kinge grace to miniſtre iuſtice.

That he might rule the peple withe iuſtice/and gouerne thy pore with equite.

Let the mountains bringe peace

Vnto the peple / and the hille toppes rightwiſnes.

That he might in iugement delyuere the moſte pore emonge the peple/and preſerue the nedious/but the violent extorſioner vtterlye deſtroye.

That thei might the more feare the through al generacions as lõge as the ſonne and mone ſhal walke rounde aboute the erthe.

Let equite and iuſtice come downe vnto the erthe lyke rayne into a newe mowen medewe/and lyke the ſwete honey dropes ſtanding vpon the graſſe.

Let iuſtice floriſh in his tyme / ād myche peace endure as longe as the mone kepeth her courſe.

And let him rule from the one ſea vnto the tother/and from the flo de Euphrates vnto the worldes ende.

Before him the Ethiopes ſhall fall downe / and his enymes lik the erthe.

The kynges of the ſea and eylandes ſhal bringe him gyftes / the kynges of Arabye and Sabe ſhall bringe him preſents .

Al kynges mought worſhip hym all gentyles mought ſerue him

That he mought delyuer the complayninge pore ſupplyaunt / and helpe the careful ſocourleſſe .

That he mought haue compaſſiō on the pore nede one / and preſerue the lyues off the homble oppreſſed.

Redeminge them frome daunger & iniurye & eſteminge their blode ſo precyouſe .

He mought lyue and haue geuen him of the golde of Arabye/be he worſhiped with out ende and magnifyed for euer .

There mought be ſo grete plenty of wheat in the erthe through out the hille toppes/that thei mought waue and ſinyte them togither like the trees of Libanus:thei mought growe forth before the cyte lyke the graſſe of the erthe.

His name mought endewre foreuer/his name mought wex freſſhe and yonge lyke the ſonne.

Al nacions be bleſſed in hym / all folke mought preche hym bleſſed.

Praiſed be the lorde god/the God of Iſrael/which alone dothe meruelous thinges.

And prayſed be the name off his maieſtye for euer/and the erthe vniuerſal be fulfilled with his maieſtye. Amen. Amen.

¶ The ende of the prayers of
Dauid the ſonne
of Ieſſe.

¶ The title of this Pſal. 73.

¶ The ſonge of Aſaph

¶ The Argument.

¶ The exercyſe and encreaſe of faith which is gretly offended at the proſperite of the vngodly: but when ſhe eſpyeth the vnlyke ende of the good and badde: ſhe cometh agene to hir ſelfe with grete conſolacyon.

O How ſwete is the God of Iſrael vnto them which are pure in herte.

My fete verely were almoſt gone my fotinge had almoſt fayled me.

Pſal:73. Quam bonus.

When J fyll into a fonde angre mynde to ſe al thinges proſperouſly ſuccede with the vngodly.

Thei bere no burdens / but be yn al eaſe and riches.

Thei be not oppreſſed with mortal myſerye of men / nether beaten lyke other men.

Wherfore they are ſo pufte vppe with pryde that they be drowned in myſcheife and iniurye.

So that for their wealy riches they be geuen vnto al luſtes / and folowe the deſyers off their owne hertis.

Al thinges do they abhorre / ſaue thoſe onely which they them ſelues ſpeke / ye and that ſo proudly

Thei ſtretche forth their mouthe vp into heuen / but their tongue wandreth throughe the worlde.

Wherfore thei haue their flok here folowinge them: and here cometh forth their ſo grete auaũtage.

yea/and they dare ſaye alſo/ howe ſhulde god knowe it/and how ſhulde the highe god weit it?

Wherfore thus conſydered I within my ſelfe: lo theſe vngodly and riche men poſſeſſe ryches perpetually.

In vayne therfore do I purify my herte: in vayne do I waſhe my hãdes with innocencye.

In vayne am I beaten al the daye and chaſtened al the hole night.

Whiles I thꝰ (I ſaye) cõſydered with my ſelfe/ I had almoſt reproued the felowſhip of thi childern.

And I thought then to knowe that thinge which was right harde and heuye for me to knowe.

Vntyl I was entred into the ſecrete holy place of god/ and conſidered the ende of theſe men.

That is to wete/that thou hadſt ſet them in a ſlybery place/to caſt them downe hedelinge.

Lorde how ſodenly are they baneſhed and deſtroyd / cōſumed with ſondry myſcheifes?

No notherwyſe thā a dreame after a man is a wake/for euen ſo lorde thou doiſt awaye their ymage oute of the cite.

But on this maner in the mean tyme my herte conſumed in bitternes/and my raynes were greuouſly tormented.

Thus I brent and glowed in foleſhnes/and in my nowne conſaight was I but a beaſt.

Whyles thou yet neuer fayledſte

me but heldeſt me vp by my right hande.

Thou ledſt me by thy counſell and efte ſone tokeſt me vp honourablye.

Oh how grete glory is layd vppe for me in heuen? for as fore erthely thinges/when I compare thē vnto the/I contempne them.

My fleſſhe/my herte and all faile me/for god is the ſtrength off my herte and my parte for euer.

For lo/who ſo go farre from the/ thei are but loſte/thou deſtroyeſt al them which(thy maieſtye contempned)playe the herlets.

But I thoughte it beſt for me to cleue vnto God/to truſte vnto the Lorde God and preche al his noble actis.

¶ The Title of the pſal.74.

pſal.74. Quare deus.

¶ The admonicion of Aſaph.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A prayer of them beinge in the captiuite of Babylon/liftinge vp their myndes to God/that he ſuffer them not longe therein to be plaged.

Wherfore (o god) putteſt vs awaye for euer? wherfore is thy wrath thus kyndled agenſte the flok of thy paſture?

Remember thy congregacion whom thou hadſt goten the off a longe tyme paſte/forgete not the ſceptre of thy heretage whome thou haſte redemed/euen thys hyll off zion where in thou dwelleſt.

Lift vp thy fete quickly agenſt theis deſtruccions/for thy aduerſary hath deſtroyd al thinges in thi holy place.

Thy enymes ſinge and rore in thi

ſolempne feſte dayes/they ſet vp tokens off victorye on the pinnacles.

So that men thought they had herde axes hewige of the tymber aboue/a grete noyſe came vpon them lyke thonder.

All thengrauen worke of the temple is ſhaken and ſmyten downe with twibits and hamers.

Thi holy temple is ſet on fier/the houſe of the glory of God is prophaned and layd ſmothe with the grownde.

And they ſaye wythe them ſelues / let vs deſtroye them all at once / let all the ſolempne feſtis off God be baneſſhed out off the erthe.

The tokēs which thou ſomtyme

ſhewdſt oure fathers nowe we ſe them not/there is no prophete more/there is not one that can ſe be it neuer ſo litel.

How longe (O God) ſhall thy enimye reuyle? Shall thy aduerſarye blaſpheme thy name thus euer?

Wherfore haſte thou vtterlye plucked yn thy hande/ wherfore haſte thou put thy ryght hande into thy boſome?

O God/thou arte my gouerner euen from the beginninge/and what ſo euer ſaluacion is in the worlde it is thy worke.

Thou ſkatereſt the waters of the ſea/thou brekeſt the headis of the grete dragons which dwel in the waters.

Thou brekeſt the harde ſcale off

this Leuiathan/ād geueſt him into meate vnto the peple of indye

Thou cutteſt forth ſpringe ād floude/thou dryeſt vppe the mayne ſeas .

The daye is thyne / the night is thyne /thou ſetteſt forth the light and ſonne in their bright aparel.

Thou haſt ſet faſt the cooſtes off the erthe/ſomer and wynter thou haſt made them .

Wherfore remember (o lorde)the rebukes of thy aduerſarye/ and of this ſtockiſſhe peple whiche blaſphemeth thy name.

Betake not thy turtle doue vnto the cruel beaſt /forgete not thy pore afflicte for euer .

Beholde thy couenant/for the derke howſes of the erthe are al full of myſchief .

Let not the pore contrite and aſhames be repelled / nether the homble adflicte whiche loaue thy name.

Aryſe God/defende thy cauſe/ remember the obprobrye wherewith the folyſſhe man blaſphemeth the daylye.

Forgete not the proude voyce off thy enymes/for yᵉ pryde of thē that make inſurrection agenſt yᵉ/ encreaſeth vehemently.

¶ The ſonge of Aſaph adhortatorye/ called/ Ne perdas/ the hymne of thankes geuinge.

¶ The Argument.

¶ The colde negligent prayth to be reſtored vnto his office/ ād promyſeth to do it worthely / for the tyme ſtandeth vpon that the Lorde wyll puneſhe the Worlde

WE ſhal prayſe the (oh god) we ſhal prayſe thy preſent name / and thy noble & cleare factis we wyll declare forth.

When the tyme apoynted ſhal come / I ſhall iuge that at good and right is.

Althoughe the erthe and all that inhabit it / be ſyke and feble / yet will I ſuſtayne her pylers. * Selah.

* So I wil

I ſhall ſaye to the foles / ſe that ye do not folyſhly: and vnto the vngodly / ſe that ye extoll not youre power.

Lifte not vp your hornes ouer highe to thinke ſtiefly peruerſe thingis

For nether from the eaſte nor from the weſte nor yet frō the deſerte or from the hilles / ſhal there come any to defende you.

But God is the delyuerer / this man he caſteth downe and him he lifteth vp.

For there is a goodly cuppe ful of rede wyne in his hande which ſhalbe powered forth / but the dreggis therof ſhal al the vngodly off the erthe ſouke and drinke vp.

But I ſhal euermore preche and praiſe the god of Jacob.

And all the hornes of the vngodly ſhal I breke / but the power off the iuſte ſhalbe exalted.

¶ The ſonge of Aſaph adhortatorye and thankful / to be plaid at the orgains.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A praiſe and thākis for ſome grete victorye.

GOD is knowne in Juda/ ãd grete is his name in Iſrael

For in Salem is his tabernacle and his habitacion in zion.

There hath he broken the ſwyfte arows/bowes bucklers ſwerdes & al the hole bataile. *Selah.

*ſo he hath.

Clearer and more to be magifyed art thou then the hilles of theues.

For they theyr ſelues ſhalbe robbed/ & be they neuer ſo bolde mynded/ yet ſhal they ſleape their dede dreame and be brought to naught with al their riches /were thei neuer ſo myghtye.

For at thi rebuke (o god of Jacob) bothe carte and horſe are ouerwhelmed.

Thou art to be dreaded / for who maye abyde in thy ſight when thou art angrye?

When thou pronounceſt iugemēt from heuen/then the erth trembleth and is ſtil.

That is to weit/Euen when god aryſeth vnto iugement to delyuer all the pore afflicte of the erthe.

* As he ſhal verely.

*Selah.

For becauſe of this vengeaunce/ men acknowlege ād praiſe yͤ/to yͤ entent thou ſhuldſt bende thi ſelfe agene to auenge them.

Vowe ye and paye them vnto youre lorde god al that be here in this companye: bringe forth your gyftis vnto the moſt dreadful.

Which interceptith yͤ breath off princes/he is to be dreaded of the kynges of yͤ erthe.

¶ The title of the Pſal.77

¶ The ſonge of Aſaph committed vnto the quere of Idithum.

¶ The Argument.

¶ Faith is tempted/ but ſhe defendeth her ſelfe with the contemplacion of god and his deadis/ but yet is ſhe ſtil tempted / but at laſte ſhe hath the victorye/ when ſhe ſetleth her ſelfe in the depe conſideracyon of the almyghty power and prouidence of god.

With my voice when I cryed vnto god/ vnto god when I cryed with my voyce/ he gaue eare vnto me.

When I was troubled/ I ſought yͤ lorde/ my ſtrength waſted euery night and reſted not/ my ſoule refuſed al counfort

When god came into my remembrance / I was in grete diſtreſſe. when I ſhulde begynne/ my breth fayled me. *Selah.

* So it did

Thou heldſt my eye liddes/ I was ſo aſtoned that I coude not ſpeke

Then I remembred yͤ tymes past
and the worldes ouer slyden.
I called to mynde my songes yn
the night/I spake vnto my herte
and discussed my mynde/saynge.
Shal yͤ Lorde repell me for euer?
shal he neuer more be apeased?
Wyl he withdrawe his goodnes
for euer? wyll he nomore speke to
our posterite?
Hath god forgotẽ to haue mercy?
wil he shit vp his mercy with his
wrath? *Selah.
And at laste I was brought vnto
this saynge. Art thou not well yn
thy mynde?
It is (I tel the) the right hãde of
the highe God/ that maketh this
mutacion.
I shall remember the workis off
the Lorde; and gladly cal to myn-

*ye wil he?

de thy olde miracles.

And I ſhall preche thy excellent dedis/and ſpeke vppon thy counſails.

Oh god/thy waye lieth yn thy holy temple/who is ſo mighty god/ as God is?

Thou art god which doiſt ſo merueilouſe thingis/which makeſt thi ſtrength knowne emõge the multitude:

Which haſt redemed yͤ peple with thy power/euen the ſonnes off Iacob and Ioſeph. *Selah.

* So thou haſt.

Euen the waters knowe the (Oh God) the waters knowe the and fere the/the depe ſeas tremble at the.

The clowdes powerforth waters the clowdes caſte forth thonder/ and eft ſone thy arows fle forthe on euery ſyde.

Thy thondre clappis ar herde rownde aboute/ lighteninges ar ſmiten forth into the worlde / the erthe trembleth and quaketh.

In the ſea thy waye lyethe/ and thy pathe vpon the depe waters/ ſo that noman can eſpye thy ſteppes.

Thou leddeſt forth thy peple lyke a flocke of ſhepe vnder the gouernance of Moſes and Aharon.

¶ The enſtruccion of Aſaph.

¶ The Argument.

¶ An oracion ſpoken vnto the peple/ monyſhinge them to be taught by thenſamples of their elders/ to returne into the waye.

Heare my lawe / my peple: geue eare vnto the wordes of my mouth.

I ſhal open my mouth to ſpeke parables / and declare the olde harde ſpeches.

Which we haue both herde and haue certeynly knowne / our fathers ſo tellinge vs.

Let vs not hid them from their childerne in yͤ worlde to come / but let vs al preche yͤ glorye of yͤ lorde / his power and ſtrength / ⁊ meruelous actis which he hath done

For he made a couenant with Iacob / and gaue a lawe vnto Iſrael / commaundinge our fathers to delyuer it forthe and teache it theyr childerne.

That their poſterite and chylderne to come ſhulde both knowe yt /

and alſo expowne it vnto their childerne.

To thentent they ſhulde ſetfaſte their hope in god / neuer to forget his coūcels/but kepe his precepts

And not to be lyke their fathers a nacion vnfaithful / fallinge from god vnto falſe worſhip/ a nacyon that wolde not be certyfied in herte / whoſe ſpirit and mynde was not trwe towerds god .

As were the ſonnes of Ephraim/ which for al their featis of warre beinge neuer ſo good archers : yet in tyme of batayle were thei ſcatered and fled .

And all for becauſe they kept not couenant with god:and in his lawe they wolde not walke.

But forgote his counſails/ ād alſo his grete wondrefull workis/

which he ſhewed them.

Before their fathers he did meruelouſe thyngys yn the lande off Egipt)euen in theyr playne felde called Tanys.

He deuyded the ſea and led them ouer:and ſet vp the waters of eche ſyde lyke wallis.

Under the clowde he led them be daye:and al the night withe clere lyght.

He cloue in ſondre the ſtonney rockes in the deſerte/ and gaue thē to drinke there of/ as out off a grete depe ſea.

He drewe forth waters of the ſtonne/ ſo that they guſſhed forth lyke ryuers.

And yet for al this thei ſinned agenſt him:and exaſperated the highe god in that wildernes.

Temptinge god in their hertis requiring mete after their own luſt

For they replyed agenſt god/ſaynge: maye god orden vs mete in this deſerte?

Lo/he ſmote yͤ ſtonne and there flowed forthe waters plenteouſly: but whither maye he not alſo geue mete ād prepare fleſſhe as wel for his peple?

Theſe thinges herde/yͤ lorde was angrye/and lyke fyer was he kyndled agenſt Jacob/and his indignacion encreaſed agenſt Iſrael:

Becauſe they had not kept promyſe with god/nether truſted in his holſome helpe.

Ouer al this/yet he commaunded the clowdes aboue/and opened yͤ gates of the ſkye.

To rayne thez downe Manna to

ate it/becauſe he wolde geue thez heuenly fode.

Here did euery man ete that aungels fode/for he ſent them therof ynoughe.

He turned aboute the eaſte winde with yͤ clowdis/ and by his powr induced a ſouth wynde.

And ſo raigned them downe fleſſhe Vpon them as thicke as duſte and fetherd fowles as plentye as the ſea ſandis.

Whiche he threw into yͤ middys of their tentis/and rownd aboute their tabernacles.

Then they deuowered them vp/& were filled aboue meſure : for he gaue them their owne deſyer.

They wantes nothynge off their apetite:and yet their mete beynge in their mouthes;

So/the wrathe of god was kindled ouer them/and ſlewe the moſte ſtrongeſt of them/ād euen the picked out of Jſrael did he cut away

But yet aboue al this they ſinned agenſte him/for they beleued not theſe ſo many his miracles.

Wherfore he fineſſhed their dayes and not with out a cauſe/ſodēly their yeris were gone.

Whyles he ſlewe them/they ſought him:and ſodenly they retourned to god.

And remembred that god was their ſtoney rok:and the highe God their redemer.

Al be it with their mouthes they flatered him:yet with their tōgue they lyed.

For their hert was not wholl towarde him/nether kept they promyſe in couenant with him.

But yet (for al this) ful mercyfully did he forgiue them / becauſe he wolde not deſtroye them/ād ful oft reuoked he his wrathe becauſe he wolde not al kindle it.

For he conſydered that they were but fleſſhe/and wynde that gothe awaye neuer to returne .

How oft did thei exaſperate him in the deſerte/ and prouoked hym to anger in the wildernes?

Oh/how did theſe bakſlyders tēpte god/ and mocked ẏ holy God of Iſrael:

Forgetinge his power/ & alſo the daye wherin he had delyuered thē from thoppreſſour:

Howe he had wroght his miracles agenſt thegipcions/ād his woundres in the felde of Tanys:

How he changed their ryuers into blode/and alſo their waters that they coude not drynke.

How he ſent them lyſe to ete theꝫ up/and frogges to deſtroye them

He deſtroyed their corne and graſſe with hotte wormes/ ād waſted their labour with locuſtis.

He beit downe their vynes withe hayle ſtones/and did froſte bight thei moreburyes.

He deſtroid their catel with hayle ſtormes/and ſmyt downe their flockis with hot thondre boltis

For in the hot furye off his fyerce indignacion he ſent into emonge them grete tribulacions ād incurſions of euel ſprites.

He layd open ẏ waye of his wrathe to inuade bothe thoſe men their ſelues and their beaſtis to.

For he ſmote euery firſte begoten off Egypte: euen all the cheife labours / yn the tabernacles off Ham.

But his peple he led them forthe lyke a flocke of ſhepe / and droue them into the deſerte lyke a droue of neat.

He led them ſo ſuerly that thei neded nothinge to haue feared : for their enimes he ouerwhelmed with the ſea.

And brought them into the cooſtes of his holy place / euen Vnto that hill which he gote them withe his righthande

He expelled the gētils before their faces / and diuided them that heretage metforth with lynes / ſetelig ẏ tribis of Iſrael euen in the tabernacles of their enymes.

But thei did tempt and anger the moſt highe god/and obſerued not his couenaunt.

Thei fil bak from him lyke theyr fathers/they rebelled lyke a naughty bowe.

They angred him with their images erected on highe: and prouoked him to wrathe withe their Idols.

Which once herde/god was ſore amoued/and gretely deteſted and abhorred Iſrael.

And then he forſoke the tabernacle which was firſt in Silo: euen his habitacion where he dwelt amonge men.

And betoke their ſtrength into captiuite: and their gloriouſe beutye he delyuerd into the handis of their enymes.

He caſted his peple agenſt yͤ swerde/he was ſo ſore angrye wythe his heretage.

Fyer deuowred his yonge men/& none mourned the ſtate off his maydens.

His prieſtes were ſmytendowne withe ſwerde/ and there were no widewes to lament them.

And the lorde ſtart vp as one waken from ſlepe/euen like a ſoldyere refreſſhed and animated wyth wyne.

And beit their enymes on the nether aftir partis/ and made thē a perpetual ignomye.

He turned himſelfe awaye frome the tentis of Ioſeph/ and repudiated yͤ tribe of Ephraim.

But he choſe yͤ tribe of Iuda/& alſo the hil of zion whō he loueth.

There he buylded (as rychely ād honourably as myght be) his holy temple: and layd yͤ foundacion as faſte as the erthe it ſelfe longe to endewer.

He choſe alſo his ſeruant Dauid/ and toke him vp from yͤ ſhepcote

He led him awaye from yͤ folowinge his flok grete with yonge/ to fede Jacob his peple and Iſrael his owne heretage.

He fed them therfore puerly after thinnocency of his owne herte/ ād accordinge to his highe prudent vertue he led them forth.

¶ The ſonge of Aſaph.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A complainte of the godly/ vpon the deſtruccion of Jeruſalem & miſerable captiuite therof.

OH god/the gentils haue inuaded thy heretage/ thei haue polluted thy holy temple/and brought Jeruſalem into an heap of ſtones.

They haue made the carkaſes of thi ſeruāts meat for yͤ fowles of yͤ ayer/and yͤ fleſh of thy ſaynts meat for yͤ beaſtis of yͤ erthe

Thei ſhed their bloude lyke water through out al Jeruſalem/and none there was to burye them.

We are an obprobrye vnto oure neighboures:a laughinge ſtok derided of them that dwel rounde about vs.

How lōge lorde wilt thou abhorre vs: wilt thou vtterly kindle thi wrath to burne vs thus vp for euer:

Powerforth thi wrath vpō theſe haithē gētils yͭ haue not knowē yͤ/⁊ vpō yͤ kyngdoms which cal not vpon thy name.

Which haue deuowred Jacob / & cut awaye his habitacion.

Remember not our ſinnes of olde committed: but let thi mercyes ſodenly preuente vs: for we be made verye pore.

Helpe vs / oh god our ſauioure for thy gloriouſe name / & delyuer vs: be peaſed and pardon our ſinnes for thy names ſake.

Wherfore ſhulde yͤ gentils ſaye / where is their god? let yͤ bloudſhed of thy ſeruantis be auenged vpon the gentyls / in our ſyght.

Let the ſorowful ſighes off them that ly bound in preſone entre into thy preſence / and for thy myghty power ſaue them that be iuged to dye.

Theſe men which haue vs nowe

in their daungere/haue reuyled ꝥ excedingly/but Lorde / turne this contumeliouſe reuylinge into their owne boſoms.

And let vs thy peple and yͤ flok of thy paſture geue yͤ thankis for euer/and preche thy prayſe vnto euery age to come.

¶ The Title of the Pſal.90.

¶ A ſonge committed vnto the quere of Aſaph: to be ſonge of a certayn muſyk inſtrument

¶ The Argument.

¶ A prayer of men in captiuite/deſyeringe delyuerance of god/as he once delyuered his peple out of Egypte.

O Paſtor and ruler off Iſrael attēde vnto vs which ledist Joſeph like a floke/whiche alſo ſitteſt vpon the Cherubims/decla re thy ſelfe.

Shew thy ſelfe before Ephraim/ Beniamin and Manaſſe: ſtere vp thy ſtrength and come ⁊ ſaue vs.

Turne the vnto vs (Oh God): ſhewe vs thy face and we ſhalbe ſalfe.

Oh lorde god of powers/ how longe wilt thou repell the prayer off thy peple?

In ſtede of bodely foode/ thou feddeſt vs withe teres/ thou madeſte vs drinke plentuouſly oure owne teres.

Thou madeſt vs a chydyng ſtok vnto oure neyghbours / and oure enymes emonge them ſelfe contẽpne vs

Turne the vnto vs (oh god) of powers / ſhewe vs thy face and we ſhalbe ſalfe.

Thou calledſt to the a vyneyarde out of Egypt/ which (the gentils caſt out) thou dideſt plante it.

And hit rootis purged/ thou preparedſt her a fat and faſt place: ſo that her branches ſpred ouer the hole region.

Euen the hilles were kouered with her ſhadewe/ for his bowes were lyke the ſtronge Cedre trees.

She ſtretched forth hir branches vnto the ſea: and hir bowes vnto the flowde.

And wherfore then brokeſte thou vp hir hedges/ that al that paſſed there forebye might ſnatche of hir grapes?

A wylde bore cam in and deſtroyed hyt/ and the wylde beaſtis of the felde fede vpon her.

Oh god of powers turne yͤ vnto vs we beſeche yͤ / loke forth frome heuen beholde / and conſydre this vyneyarde:

Euen that plante which with thi nowne righthande hath bene plāted / that is to weit / euen thy ſonne whom thou haſt thus manified for thy nowne glorye.

Ffor it is now brent vp with fyer / and lyeth al to wrotes vp.

Let them therfore periſhe at thy mighty rebuke / which haue done this dede.

And let thy power be preſent with yͤ man of thy righthande / euen with yͤ ſone off man whom thou haſt magnified for thy nowne glorye.

And we ſhall not go backe frome

the/ reſtore vs that we mought cal vpon thy name.

Tourne vnto vs/ oh lorde god of powers : ſhewe thy face and we ſhalbe ſalfe.

¶ The Title of the pſal.81.

¶ The ſonge of Aſaph.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A thankes geuinge at the wyne preſſinge. Whereby we be taught al encreaſe & frute/ to come of god: him to miniſtre vs al thinges / yf we conforme oure ſelues vnto hys wyll.

PRaiſe ye god our ſtrength with ioyouſe ieſture: ſynge ye vnto yͤ god of Jacob.

Lyft vp your voyce with loaue ād praiſe: ſmyte vp your tympanyes playe vpon your mery lutes and harpes.

Pſal.81. Exultate deo.

Blowe vp youre trompets of the new mone/in this ſo ſolẽpne feſte

ffor this is the ryte of Iſrael/and a lawe ſo ordened of the God off Jacob.

Euen the teſtimony which he decreed for Joſeph/after that he had faughten agenſte thegypcyons/ where we herde that ſtrange tongue.

When your ſhoulders were eaſed of that burden/and your hãdis renounced the pottis of fleſhe.

When thou thy ſelfe calledſt on
me in tribulacion/¶ I had delyu-
ered yᵉ/ I lurkinge in yᵉ thondre/ſp-
ake vnto yᵉ/and proued yᵉ at yᵉ wa-
* So ters of contencion. *Sela.
I did Oh my peple/heare: for I ſhal douteles promyſe yᵉ (oh Iſrael:

That if thou wilt obaye me/thou

ſhalt haue no ſtrange god/ nor fal
downe before no nother god.

For it is I that am the Lorde thy
god whiche haue led the out of ye
londe of Egipt: open thy mouthe
and I ſhal fil it.

But my peple receiued not my Vo
yce/and euen Iſrael forſoke me.

Wherfore I forſoke them & lefte
them vnto the ſhrewdnes of theyr
owne herte: and then thei folowed
their owne deuices.

Oh yt my peple wolde heare me/ I
wolde that Iſrael had walked in
my wayes.

For then ſhulde I haue myneſh-
ed their enymes & turned my han
de agenſt their aduerſaries.

They had fruſtrated ye haters off
ye lorde in Iſrael/ and had had th-
ere a longe tyme.

And he ſhulde haue fed them with the flower of wheat/and ſatiſfied them with honey/euen out of the very rocke.

¶ The Title of the pſal.82.

¶ The ſonge of Aſaph.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A moniſtion for princes and iuges/and a threteninge of the vengeaunce of god.

GOd is faſt & preſent in the company of the *goddis/he is in the middis of yͤ iuges to contende in iugement.

*princes/rulers/iuges

Sayng/how longe wil ye iuge vniuſtly and fauour the face or perſone of yͤ vngodly: *Selah.

* As ye do.

Defende ye the pore ād ſocourles auenge yͤ afflicte and wrongfully oppreſſed.

Fauour and helpe the poore and

nedye/and delyuer them from the violence of the vngodly.

But theſe men are without witte and wyſedome / they walke in derkenes. Wherfore al the foundacions of therthe ſhalbe moued.

I ſayd it verely my ſelf: ye be goddes: ye al are yͤ ſonnes of yͤ moſt higheſt.

But yet lyke men ſhal ye dye/ ād as any other tyraunt ſhal ye be ſmyten downe.

Aryſe god/and auēge thou yͤ erth by iugement: for vnto yͤ al naciōs belonge of very right.

¶ A thankful praiſe ſungen of Aſaph.

¶ The Argument.

¶ An inuocaciō of gods helpe/whiles our enymes conſpire and prepare them to fight agenſt vs.

Pſal. 83. Deus quis ſimilis

Oh god/be thou not ſtil ceaſe not/ take no lenger aduiſement (Oh God.

For lo/thy enymes ſwel and flok togither/ thy haters lyft vp theyr headis.

Thei ſet preuy ginnes agenſt thy peple/thei conſpire ſecretly agēſt thy hyd faithful.

Saynge/come and let vs make them awaye from yͤ folke/that there be neuermore mencion made of yͤ name of Iſrael.

For they are conſpired al togither with one mynde/and haue ſmyten handis to coniure agenſt the.

*Euē theſe men

The tabernacles of yͤ Idumes & Iſmaelits/the Moabits and Hagarens/Gebal/Ammon/and Ama lec/the Paleſtines with yͤ citeſens of Tyri.

With theſe are confedered yͤ Aſſirions yͤ continual helpers of the ſonnes of Lot. *Selah

*So they are. Judicum 6.7

But ſerue thou them as thou didest once the Madianites and Siſare/ and as thou ſeruedſt Jabyn at yͤ ryuer Chiſon

Which were deſtroyed in Endor where their karyons laye lyke dõghills on the erthe.

Make their capitains lyke Oreb/zebo/zebee and zalmane/ye/al theyr chefe leaders be ſo ſerued.

Which ſayde/let vs chalenge for vs/yͤ habitacle of god.

My god/make them lyke a whele and lyke ſtubble layd open for the winde.

As fyer runneth deuowringe yͤ

wode/and as the flame eteth hylles.

Even ſo folowe thou vpon them with thy ſtormy tempeſt/ād overthro them with thy whirlewinde.

Caſte ſhame over their faces / that thei mought ſeke thy name / oh Lorde.

Let them be confounded and vexed for ever: let them be ſhamed ād periſſhe.

That thei mought yet thus knowe/that thou lorde art alone/that thy name is alone / and that thou alone arte that moſte higheſt over al the erthe.

¶A pſalme of the ſonnes of korah playd vpon a certayn muſik inſtrument.

¶The Argument.

¶A prayer of the faithful that th

ey mighte prayſe worthely theyr lorde god in tranquilite of mynde.

OH howe amiable are thy habitacions o lorde of powers?

My ſoule fayleth me for the deſier of the lordis courte/My herte & fleſſhe leape for ioye to come vnto the lyuinge god.

Where euen the poore ſparowe hath founde her a place/and the turtle her neſte to laye in their yõge/that is to ſaye euen thy aultare oh lorde of powers my kinge/and my god.

Oh how bleſſed be thei which both dwel in thi houſe and prayſe yͤ alſo.*Selah.

*So theibe

Oh bleſſed whoſe ſtrength art thou/in whoſe hertis are thy prayſes.

Ffor when thei goforth in the vale of teris/they take them for conſolacion to come / and the leader him ſelfe is garneſſhed with thankes.

Thei go from plentuouſnes into more plentuouſnes / and eftſone/god is ſene of them in zion.

Lorde god of powers heare my prayer:luyſten vnto me oh God off Jacob. *Sela.

*So do.

Oh god our ſhylde beholde:beholde the chere of thy anoynted.

Ffor one daye in thy courte is ſweter then a thouſande anywhere els

I had leuer be a dore wayter at yͤ houſe of my lorde: then to walke vp and downe in yͤ palaces of the vngodly.

Ffor yͤ lorde god is my lyght and ſuer ſhilde/yͤ lorde ſhal geue grace and glory: thoroughe him / non ſhal lake yͤ at good is/which lyue perfitly.

Oh howe bleſſed are they: Lorde God off powers whiche truſte yn the.

¶ The ſonge of the ſonnes of kore

¶ The Argument.

¶ A feruent prayer for the delyuerance out of Babylonike captiuite that is to weit out of the bondage of ſynnes whiche are done awaye throughe cryſt.

Be thou merciful o lorde vnto thy londe: reſtore Jacob from captiuite

Take awaye yͤ ſynne of thy peple: and kouer al their wyckednes. *Sela. *ſo do

Take away thy grete indignaciō turne from thy furyouſe wrathe.

Returne vnto vs oh god our ſaui our/ſlake thy wrath thus bent vpon vs.

Wilt thou be angry with vs for euer? or wilt thou continewe thy indignacion from age to age?

Shalt thou not rather returne ād reſtore vs: that thy peple may reioyſe in the?

Shewe vs lorde thi merciable goodnes: and endew vs with thy ſauinge helth.

I ſhal yet lyſten to heare what yͤ lorde god wil cōmande: for he wil ſende peace vnto his peple and to his ſayntes that turne to a better mynde.

For his ſauinge helth is nighe them that fear him: and his glory is to inhabit our londe.

Mercy and trouthe are met togither: rightwiſnes and peace haue kiſſed eche other.

Trouth ſhal bud forthe oute of yͤ

londe: and rightwiſnes ſhal ſpringe forth from heuen.

The lorde ſhal geue forth his goodnes: and our land ſhal ylde her encreſe

Rightwyſnes ſhall walke before him: to defende him ẏ waye of his entreſſe.

¶ The prayer of Dauid.

¶ A comen prayer / to be defended from aduerſite and from the awayte layenge of our enymes.

Geue eare / lorde / vnto me ād anſwere me / for J am ful poore and greuouſly troubled.

Preſerue my lyfe for J am innocent: ſaue thy ſeruant (oh my god) truſtinge in the.

Haue mercy on me (lorde) cryinge vpon the inceſſauntly.

Make glad the mynde of thy ſer

uant: for vnto yͤ/oh lorde do I lift vp my mynde.

Ffor thou lorde art both ſwete ād mylde/and ryche in mercy vnto al that cal vpon the.

Geue eare lorde vnto my prayer: attende to the noyſe of my deſier.

In the tyme of my tribulacion I call vppon the: for thou heareſte me.

Amonge yͤ goddis (lorde) is there none lyke the: none off them maye do lyke the.

Al nacions therfore whiche thou haſt made mought come and fall downe before the (oh lorde) ⁊ magnifye thy name.

Ffor thou arte grete/ and grete thinges thou doiſt: thou onely arte God.

Lede me lorde into thy waye/that

I might walke in thy trouth: pluk in my herte yͭ it might worſhip thy name alone.

I thanke the/lorde my god/with al my herte:⁊ thy name ſhal I for euer magnifie.

For thy goodnes hathe done me great pleaſures: thou delyueredſt me from the preſent pitte euen vnder me.

Oh god/the violent aroſe agenſt me:and the chirche of the bolde arrogant ſought my lyfe / ſettinge not the before their eyes.

Thou therfore oh lorde/moſt mylde and mercyfull God/whiche arte ſlowe vnto wrath and redy bēt to benignite and trouthe.

Turne yͤ vnto me and haue mercy vpon me; geue thy ſtrengthe

Vnto thy ſeruant and helth vnto ẏ ſone of thy handemaiden.

Declare thy goodnes openly vpō me: that as ſone as they ſe it / thy haters might be confounded / and know / that thou / lorde / haſt brought me helpe and conſolacion

¶ The thankful ſonge of the ſonnes of core / or korah.

¶ The prayſe of Jeruſalem which was the figure of the chirche / and that the goſpel of criſte ſhulde begyn there to be preched.

THe Lorde loueth the gates of zion: whoſe foundacions are in the holy hyl aboue al ẏ tabernacles of Jacob.

Glorioufe and ful of magnificence are thoſe thinges which are prophecyed vpon the / oh cite of god. *Selah.

*So they are.

I ſhal reken and acompte thē wi

th yͤ: bothe Egypt/ Babylon/and
my known cytes of Paleſtyne/ye/
Tyro and yndye/lo/euē there was
he borne.
For vnto all men euery where yt
ſhalbe gloriouſly reported ād pre-
ched of zion that is to weit/that
euen the moſte higheſt which ha-
the bylded her/is borne in her
yea/and yͤ lorde him ſelfe ſhal re-
geſtre it in yͤ cronicles of his pe-
ple/yͭ he hath bene borne in her.
*Selah.

*So he hath.

Wherfore/yͤ habitacion both off
al ſyngers and daunſers is in the

¶The ſonge of the ſonnes of Co-
re to be reported of eche other with
their muſik inſtruments/called al-
ſo the ſonge of Heman Ezraite

¶A prayer and miſerable mourn-
inge of one excedingly afflicte and
troubled.

Pſal.88. Domine deus ſalu.

OH lorde God my ſauioure/ let my prayer come vnto yͤ I crye daye and night in thy preſence/geue eare vnto my ſighes.

For I am filled with tribulacion and my lyfe is euen at yͤ pyttes brinke.

ye I am rekened amonge thē which muſt now be buried: I am eſtemed lyke vnto one whoſe ſtrēgth is clene gone.

I am reputed dead/ as free amonge the ſlayne/euen emonge them which ſlepe in graue/ clene forgoten /whiche by thy power are cut awaye.

Thou haſt thruſted me downe into a ful depe pitte: euen into derkenes vnable to be paſſed thorow

Thy fury thou haſt faſtened vpō me/and ouerwhelmed me withe

thy ſtormey flowdis. *Sela. * So
Thou haſt remoued my knowne thou
familiare farre fro me/thou haſte haſt.
made me abominable in their ſig-
hte/I am in ſiche diſtreſſe/yᵗ I cā
nowayes flee.
My ſight fayleth me for ſo greu-
ouſe affliccion: I call continually
vpon me/& lyft vp my hādis to yᵉ.
Doiſt thou declare thy meruelou-
ſe grete factis vnto yᵉ dead: do yᵉ
dead bodyes ſo lyue yᵗ they maye
aknowlege yᵉ: *Sela. * No
Shal thy mercyable goodnes be verely
preched in my graue: and thy tro-
uth with them yᵗ be departed?
Are thy meruelous great actis k-
nowne in derknes: or is thy right
wiſnes preched with thē yᵗ ar cle-
Vnto yᵉ (I ſay) lorde do(ne forgottē
I crye: & my prayer cōeth forth ſpe

help to mete the.

Wherfore lorde forſakeſt me: and hydeſt thou thy face fro me?

Sith I/for my affliccion lye pantinge and ſtaggeringe vnder thy greuouſe heuy burdens.

Thy furiouſe wrathe runne ouer me: thy indignacions oppreſſe me

They aryſe rownd aboute me continually lyke waters/and at laſte thei beare me downe.

Thou haſt taken fro me frende & kynſman: and thei that knew me knowe me not.

¶ The ſonge of Ethan thezraite.

¶ The Argument.

¶ This Pſalme/is an inuocacion and cõſolacion of the mercy of god promiſed vnto the faithful/by the couenant ſmyten with our fathers Abraham and Dauid/neuer to be broken with the godly.

The mercyes of the lorde ſhal I euermore ſynge and prayſe: vnto alĺ the poſterite to come/ I ſhal declare hys trowthe with my mouthe.

For I knowe that thy goodnes ſhal endure for euer: and thi faith and trouth was preſent euen withe the heuens when they were made.

Whereby thou thus ſaydſt: I haue ſmyten vp a couenãt with my choſen: and ſworne vnto Dauyd my ſeruant.

I ſhal ſet faſte thy ſead for euer: and ſtablyſhe thy ſeat royal vnto al poſterites to come. *Selah

*So I ſhal.

Euen the heuens do magnifie thi cleare actes oh lorde: and ẏ cõgregacion of ẏ faithful preche thi fa-

S

ith and trouth.

For who is there euen in yͤ clowdes yͭ maye be compared vnto the lorde: or emonge yͤ gods lyke vnto the lorde?

God is to be dreaded in yͤ grete cōpany of yͤ faithful/and gretely to be reuerenced aboue al yͭ are aboute him.

Oh lorde God of powers who is lyke vnto yͤ/in maieſtye/faith ād trouth: where with thou art aſſiſted on eche ſyde.

Thou cōmandeſt the prowde ſea thou preſſeſte downe her waues when they begyn to ryſe.

Thou brekeſt and woundeſte the prowde: and with thy power ſcatereſt thyne enymes.

The heuens ar thyne/the erthe is thyne/the worlde rownd about ād what ſoeuer is in it/al ar thyne: for thou haſt firſt made them.

The northe and ſouth thou haſt made them: thabor and Hermon glorye of thy name.

Thy arme is excedinge ſtronge/ thy hande is moſt mighty: and thi righthande is moſt higheſt of all.

With iuſtice and equite thy ſeate royal is gloriouſly ſtableſſhed / mercye and trowthe are thy beforegoers.

Oh how bleſſed is that peple which can blowe vp thy prayſe o lorde: whiche walke in the light off thy preſence.

Whiche at all tymes reioyſe yn thy name: and leape and ſpringe at the maner off thy rightwyſmakinge.

For thou art yͤ brightnes of their ſtrength:and thorowe thy fauour our power is liſted vp.

Thou lorde art our ſhilde/oh holy maker of Iſrael our kynge.

Thou ſpakeſt ſome tyme prechinge to thy faithful/ſaynge: I ſhall geue ſtrengthe vnto my myghtye one/and exalte my choſen man ouer the peple.

I ſhal get Dauid to be my ſeruāt and with my holy oyntment anoynte him.

My hande ſhal ſtaye him/ād myne arme ſhal ſtrengthen him.

His enemye ſhal not ouercome hī: nether yͤ myſcheuous ſhal not oppreſſe him.

I ſhal ſmyte downe his enymes before him:and deſtroye thē that hate him.

My trouth and mercy ſhal neuer fayle him: and throughe my powr his power ſhalbe exalted.

J ſhal ſtretche forthe his maieſte emperial vnto the weſte ſea/ and his kingdome vnto yͤ floude Euphrates.

He ſhal cal me/ ſaynge: oh my father: my god/ and the rocke off my ſauinge helth.

For J ſhal make him thouermoſt and higheſte of the kynges of the erthe.

J ſhal kepe my mercy for him euer: and my couenant ſhal ſtande faſte with him.

For his ſead ſhal J continew for euer/ and his ſeat royal ſhalbe as ferme as the daye that ſpringethe out of the ſkye.

But and yf his childern forſake

my lawe:and walke not in my iuſte pleſures.

If they defyle my ceremones:and kepe not my commandementes:

Then with a rod ſhal I viſet their tranſgreſſions/and loke vpon their ſinnes with beatinges.

But yet my mercye ſhal I not take from him/nor neuer breke promyſe to deceyue him.

My couenant ſhal not be fruſtrate:but what ſo euer went forth of my mouth/I wil not change it.

In the ſacrament of myne othe I ſwore by my holynes:If I deceyue Dauid.*Neuer truſt me

His ſead ſhal ſtande for euer/and his ſeat royal ſhall endure in my preſence lyke ẏ ſunne.

It ſhal be perpetual as ferme as ẏ mone:and as faſte as is that ſa me aſſuered witnes in yͤ clowdes *Sela.

the raynbowe *So he ſhal.

But now ſe/thou contempneſt & caſteſt him awaye/thou makeſte thy anoynted to be deadly hated.

Thou turneſte bake thy promyſe with thy ſeruãt/thou prophaneſt his gloriouſe crowne caſten downe vpon yͤ erthe.

Thou haſte clouen downe al his wallis: and broken downe all hys ſtronge defences.

They trede hym vnder their fete al that there go forbye/he is an obprobrye vnto hys nexte neyghbours.

The right hande off hys enemye thou lyfteſt vppe/and all his aduerſaryes thou makeſte to reioyſe.

The power off his ſwerde thou haſt writhen it backe: thou geueſt him no victory in batail.

Thou haſt obſcured his glorye/ & ſmiten his ſeat royal caſten agenſte the grounde.

Thou haſt cut of the dayes of his yougth: and couerd his face with ſhame. *Selah.

*So thou haſt.

How lõge lorde wilt thou be hid? wilt thou be hid for euer? how lõge ſhall thy indignacion be thus kindled lyke fier?

Remember how ſhorte is my tyme: haſt thou made al mẽ mortall in vayne?

May eny man ſo lyue that he neuer dye? or maye he delyuer hymſelfe from the pitte? *Selah

In no wyſe.

Where is that thy ſo aunciant mercy/ oh lorde: which by ſo holy an othe thou promyſedſt to Dauid by thy trouthe?

Remember lorde that obprobriouſe ignominye where with al yͤ hole multitude reuyleth thi ſeruāts which thinge I kepe downe ſecrete in my boſome.

Wherewith thy enymes lorde rebuke and deteſte the ſtepis off thy anoynted.

Thankis be vnto the Lorde for euer: Amen/amen.

¶ The prayer of Moſes the man of god.

¶ The Argument.

¶ A prayſe & magnifyinge of god/ and a deiection of man/ and recourſe vnto god.

LOrde thou art our refugye/ to receyue vs at all tyme.

Before the mountayns

or the erthe were brought forthe: before the rounde worlde was made: frome euer vnto euerlaſtinge thou art god.

Thou bringeſt man into duſte / & agayne / thou ſayeſt retourne into your perfyt ſtate ye childerne off Adam.

For a thouſand yeares ar before yͤ / euen as yiſter daye paſt: & lyke the watches of the night.

Whyles thou ſcatereſt theꝫ / they be but a dreame / ſodenly they are changed lyke graſſe.

The graſſe floureſſheth and groweth in the morninge / but at the eueninge it is cut downe and withered.

Euen ſo / thou being wrath / we be conſumed / and in thy anger we ar troubled.

Thou holdeſt our ſinnes before yͤ our ſecrete deadis are open in thy cleare preſence.

Thou beinge angre/ al our dayes are ſlyden awaye: our years ar gone in a thought.

The dayes of our yearis yͭ we lyue are almoſt ſeuentye yere / and they yͭ be more luſtye/ lyue fower ſcore: of whiche euen yͤ beſte be ſawced with labour and ſorowe: ās euen ſodenly are we fallen and flone awaye.

Who regardeth thy mighty wrath: and alſo the furye off thy indignacyon?

Teche vs thus to compte oure dayes / and to conſydere them wyſely.

Tourne the Lorde nowe at laſte: and be thou mercyfull vnto thy ſeruants.

Let vs be ſone ſatiſfied withe thy mercye that we mought reioyſe & be glad al the dayes of our lyfe

Let vs haue gladnes for the dayes of oure affliccion / euen for thoſe yeris whereyn we ſuffred tribulation.

Deuyde thy cleare actis emonge thy ſeruants: and thy noble magnificence vnto their childerne

And the gloriouſe maieſtye of our lorde god be with vs / he mought acompliſſhe the workis of our hādis / the worke off oure handis he mought fineſſhe.

¶ The Argument.

¶ This pſalme declareth / the faithful to be fre from al feare

Whoſoeuer dwel in the preuey cloſet of the moſt higheſt: and abideth vnder the ſhadewe off him that is almyghtye:

He ſaith vnto the Lorde/my God is my adſuered hope/ād vnto him do I cleue.

For it is he that wil delyuer the from the honters ſnare/and from their peſtelent myſcheif.

He wil kouer the with his winges to be ſuer vnder his fethers/his faith and trouthe ſhalbe thy ſhilde and bukler.

So that nether by night thou ſhalt not be afrayed of night bugges/nor yet by daye feare their fleynge arows.

Ne not once to feare their poyſon that krepeth and encreſeth in derkenes/nor yet that noyonſe deuyl yͭ deſtroith at none dayes.

A thouſande ſhalbe ſmyten downe at thy liftſyde / & ten thouſand at thy right ſide/ ſo yͭ no hurt ſhal come nighe the.

But yͤ puniſhment of yͤ vngodly thou ſhalt ſe it/and beholde it euē with thi nowne eyen.

For thou lorde / arte my adſuered hope: in an highe place haſt thou ſet thi habitacion to be oure refugie.

There ſhal no hurte lightely come at yͤ/there cometh no plage vnto thi dwellinge place.

For/for thi pleſure he ſhal cōmāde his aungels to kepe the in all thi wayes.

To bere the in their handis/ yͭ thou hurteſt not thi fete at yͤ ſtones

Thou ſhalt go vpon cruel beaſtis and venomes ſerpents: and trede downe lions and dragons.

Becauſe he truſted in me I wil deliuer him/ ſaith yͤ lorde: I ſhal defende him becauſe he knowlegeth my name.

When he ſhal cal vpon me/ I wil heare him/ in his diſtreſſe I will be bye him: I ſhal deliuer and magnifie him.

I ſhal ſatiſfy hī with longe lyfe: & at laſt ſhewe him the ſaluacion yͭ cometh fro me.

¶ A thanful ſonge for the Sabat daye.

¶ A general prayſe of al the peple togither and a knowleginge of the faith.

It is a goodly thinge/ with prayſe to magnifie the lorde and to ſynge vnto thy name oh moſt higheſt.

To preche thy mercy in the morninge and thy trowthe at the euenynge.

And that vpon the ten ſtringed inſtrument vpon the lute/ ſinginge alſo vpon the harpe.

For thou Lorde/ makeſte me glad with thy workis/ and for the dedis of thy handis I reioyſe.

Oh Lorde how clere ar thy dedis? thy counſels are depe and vnſerchable.

An vnwyſe man perceyueth not/ nor the folyſh vnderſtandeth not this thinge.

That whyle the myſcheuous grow vp lyke graſſe/ theſe vngodlye synful ſhall floureſſhe vnto this ende/ thei mought be cut awaye for euer.

But thou lorde/ abydeſt faſt for euer euen the moſt higheſt.

For lo/lorde/thy enymes/thy enymes (I ſaye) periſſhe and al theſe vngodly men are ſcatered.

But my power ſhall redaſcende lyke yͤ horne of the vnicorne/and myn olde age ſhalbe moyſte and floureſſhe.

For that myne eye ſhal ſe/ ād myne eare perceyue the myſcheif hapened vnto my enymes/which aroſe agenſt me.

The iuſte ſhal floureſhe lyke the palme tre/and ſprede his brāches lyke the Cedres of Libanus.

For they planted in yͤ houſe of yͤ Lorde/ſhall floureſſhe in the cour-

T

te of our god.
yea/in their olde age ſhal thei floureſſhe and budde/made luſtye ād ful of ſappe.
That al men mought knowe/howe iuſte and trwe is the lorde my rocke/& no wronge to be in him.

¶ The Argument.

¶ What perel/be it neuer ſo grete/ſtandeth vpon/yet ſhal faith auoyde it in god.

Oh lorde kinge / whiche art clerely endewed/ oh lorde which art clothed and girte with ſtrength thou haſt ſo faſt ſet yͤ rounde worlde that it can not be moued
Euen now frome the beginninge hath thy ſeat royal be conſtituted from euerlaſtinge thou haſte thy beynge.

Beholde lorde the floudis extoll them ſelf: the floudis extoll their noyſe/ the floudis lyft vppe their ſtreames.

But yet myghtyer is the lorde that dwelleth on highe: then the ſowne of the maigne ſea and ſtreames of water/ be thei neuer ſo vehement.

What thingis ſo euer thou haſte teſtified and promyſed vpon thy fayer holy houſe: thei ſhall abyde trwe and faſte (lorde) perpetually.

¶ The Argument.

¶ An inuocacion of the iugement of god agenſt the vngodly/ and conſolacion of the good for the fauour of god.

OH Lorde god the very auenger/ oh god auenge openly and be glorified.

Be thou exalted oh iuge of yͤ worlde: requyte yͤ prowde as they be worthy.

How longe Lorde/howe longe do the vngodly triumphe?

How praate they their owne fables? how longe ſhal al theſe wycked perſons diſpute of vayne thynges?

How longe ſhall they grynde thy peple togither / and vexe thy heretage?

The pore deſtitute and yͤ ſtraungers they ſleye: and torment yͤ fatherleſſe.

Saynge/ yͤ lorde knoweth not off it/ & yͤ God of Jacob perceyuethe nothinge of this.

Take hede therfore ye vnwyſe emonge yͤ peple/ and ye foles be once wyſe.

Shall not he heare that did ſewe on yͤ eares? ſhal he not ſe yͭ/yͤ made the eyes?

Shal not he that nourterethe the gentils correckethē? ſhall not he chaſtiſe/ that techeth men knowlege?

Vnto yͤ lorde verely are mennis deuices wel knowne/he knoweth thē for vayne and naught.

Oh how happye is that man whom thou techeſt oh lorde: and whom thou enſtructeſt in thy lawe?

That he might be ſuer in tyme of perell: whyle in yͤ mean tyme the pitte is digged for the vngodlye.

For the lorde ſhal not repell hys peple/nether forſake his heretage

But he ſhal reſtore iugement vnto the rule off ryghtwyſnes: and hym ſhal there folowe all that are pure in herte.

Who maye helpe agẽſt theſe maligne men? or who maye ſtãde by me agenſt theſe wyked?

Except the lorde had bene my helper / I had ere nowe bene in my graue.

For when I thought yͭ my fete was ſlyden: yet was it thy mercy lorde that ſuſtayned me.

In my manyfold inwarde ſorowful vexacions: thy conſolacions yet refreſſhed my ſoule.

Haſt thou any thinge to do with the ſeat of the vngodly / which vnder the cloke of the lawe forgeth al myſcheife and payne?

Thei runne togither agenſt yͤ lyfe of the iuſte / and cõdemne innocent bloude.

But the lorde ſhalbe my refugye:

and my god ſhalbe my ſtronge fet me confidence.

And he ſhal requite them their owne malyce/and deſtroye theꝫ for their owne wikednes/ yͤ lorde our god ſhal vtterly deſtroye them.

¶ The Argument of the Pſal.95 Which is an excytinge and ſteringe vp of the faithful to praiſe god faithfully.

COme and let vs leap for ioye before the lorde/ let vs ſynge vnto the rocke of our ſauinge helth.

Let vs come before him with thākis geuinge/& in the Pſalms ſinge vnto him.

For he is the lorde/both god & kinge/moſt mighty aboue al goddis.

In his handis ar the depe ſecretis of the erthe/and alſo the ſtreng th of the mountains .

The ſea is his/for he hathe made it/al the drye lande ioyninge therto/his handis haue facioned it

Come and let vs faldowne before him / let vs bowe downe oure knees and beſeche the Lorde oure maker .

For he is our god/and we be the peple of his paſture/& the flok off his hande/ ſo longe as we ceaſſe not to obaye his voyce .

Be not harde herted as were they that chode and rebelled agenſte him in the wildernes.

Where youre fathers caſted me of/ they proued me and ſawe my workis .

Fourtye yeres it yrked me of that nacion / in ſo myche that I ſayde: this peples herte is gone fro me/

for they knowlege not my wayes.
In my grete wrath therfore made I my othe agenſt them/ yͭ they ſhulde not come into my reſte.

¶ The Argument of this Pſal.

¶ Wherin al thinges/ and euen the gentils be excited to loaue god which is to come vnto iugement.

Singe ye to yͤ lorde a new ſonge/ſinge ye vnto the lorde al the hole lande

Synge ye to the Lorde/ & loaue his name/prechinge his ſauinge helthe at al tyme.

Put the gentils in mynde off his glorye/and al peple of his miracles.

For grete is the Lorde and excedeth al prayſe/he is to be dreaded aboue al gods.

For al the gods of the gentils are

but ſtockes/it is the lorde yͭ made the heuens .

Thankis and highe magnificēce is with him: power and maieſtye are in his holy place.

Geue vnto the lorde ye kinredes of the gentils/geue the lorde his power and ſtrengthe .

Geue ye power almightye vnto the name of the lorde/take vp youre offeraunce ād come into his holy courte.

Prayſe ye the lorde with holy pōpe/al the erthe mought reuerence his face .

Publeſſhe it emonge the gentils/ yͭ the lorde raigneth/euen the lorde which hath ſetfaſte the worlde yͭ it cannot be moued/euen the lorde (I ſaye) yͭ iugeth al folke iuſtely.

The heuens mought reioyſe and the erthe be ioyouſe / the ſea mought ſowne and be moued with all yͭ is in her.

The feldis mought be glad with whatſoeuer is in them/al the ſtrength of the wodis mought leape for ioye:

Before the lorde/when he ſhal come: for he ſhal come to iuge the erthe/he ſhal come to iuge the rownde worlde with rightwiſnes/and the peple with trouthe.

¶ It is the very almighty god/which is worſhiped in Iſrael / and all other to be no goddis/and the worſhipers of god to magnifie the very forme of our rightwiſmakinge.

Dominus regna. exul. Pſal.97.

The lorde reigneth/the erthe mought reioyſe / and thoſe manifold eylandis mought be gladde.

He is cloſed aboute with derke clowdes rightwiſnes and equite at the pylers of his ſeat royal

Fyer procedeth before him/to burne vp his enymes rownde aboute him.

His lighteninges ſhewe vs clerely the worlde rownde aboute/at ẏ which the erthe trembleth & quakethe.

The hilles melt awaye lyke waxe at the preſence of the lorde / ye al the erthe ſinketh awaye at the preſence of the lorde.

The heuens preche forth his rightwiſnes: and al peple ſhal ſe his maieſtye.

Confounded mought they be / all that worſhip ymages and glorye in their goddis / and let al the goddis worſhip him.

Zion ſhal reioyſe when ſhe hear theſe thinges: and the daughters of Juda ſhall daunce for ioye when they ſe thy iugementes / oh lorde.

For thou lorde art the moſt higheſt ouer all the erth / thou art excedingly exalted aboue al gods.

Whoſoeuer loue the lorde / ſe that ye hate malice: for he kepeth the ſoulis of his ſeruantes / and delyuereth them from the hande of the vngodly.

Thorow hī / light is powered into the innocent: and ioye is ſet faſte in ẏ pure herted.

Be glad ye rightwyſe in the Lorde and be thankful in his holy tememberance.

¶An excitinge of al thinges to prayſe god/ for fauour geuen throughe criſt/ the iuge of the worlde to come/ lyke vnto the pſal. xcvi

SInge ye vnto the lorde a new ſonge: for he hathe done meruelous thingis with his ſauinge right hande and holy arme.

The lorde hath made knowen his ſauinge helth/ ⁊ reueled his forme of rightwyſe makinge in the eyes of the gentils.

He remembred his mercy and trouth for yͤ howſe of Iſrael: yͭ al the cooſtis of the erth might ſe yͤ ſaluacion ſent vs from our god.

Let al the erth make melody vnto yͤ lorde: be glad/ reioyſe and ſinge.

Singe ye vnto yͤ lorde with harpe

playe yͤ pſalmes vpõ your harpes.
Synge with trompets and claryers: make ye melody before the lorde and kynge.

Let the ſea & al yͭ is in her ſownd forth hir melodye/al yͤ worlde with hir inhabitors.

The ryuers mought clappe their handis/ and the mountayns leap for ioye:

Before yͤ lorde/whẽ he ſhal come to iuge the erthe/ for he ſhall iuge yͤ worlde/takinge iuſtice to counſel/and yͤ peple/callinge equite to aſſiſte him.

¶ The Argument.

God is here preaſed for his goodnes/in that he euer heareth his peple.

Dominus regna.iraſ.Pſal.99

Pſal.99. Dominus reg.iraſ.

The lorde raigneth ⁊ maketh the peple to tremble/he ſitteth vppon the Cherubims and moueth the erthe.

The lorde which is worſhiped in zion is grete: and highe aboue all peple.

Let them extol thy grete name/ſo terrible and ſo holy.

Thy power royal loueth equite/thou holdeſt mercy in thy hande/and that at iuſte ād right is/thou doiſt it vnto Jacob.

Extol ye the lorde oure god /and fal downe before his foteſtole/ for he is holye.

Moſes ⁊ Arō wer ordined his preiſtes/and Samuel off the noumber of them that cal vpon his name/called vnto the Lorde/ and he anſwerde them .

Out of the cloudy pyler he ſpake vnto them: for thei kept yͤ teſtimonyes and lawe whiche he had geuen them.

Lorde oure God/it was thou that herdeſt them/thou waſte vnto them/bothe their mercyful god and alſo the auenger of their vayne deuyſes.

Magnifie ye the lorde our god/ād worſhip him in his holy hyll: for right holy is the lorde our god.

¶A pſalme of thankis geuinge in the hole congregacion .

MAke ye mirthe vnto the lorde throughe oute all the lande/ worſhipe the lorde in gladnes / come into his preſens ioyfully.

Acknowlege ye that the lorde ys

god: he made vs/ and not we oure ſelfe which ar his peple and ẏ ſhepe of his paſture.

Go ye into his gates with thankis geuinge/ and into his vtwarde court with praiſe/ loaue and preche his name.

For the lorde is benigne/ his mercy is euerlaſtinge/ and his trouth endureth vnto al generacions.

Here are princes and rulers taught how they ſhulde lyue their ſelues: and entreat other.

MErcy and equite ſhal I prayſe in my ſonge/ vnto the (oh lorde) ſhall I ſinge.

I ſhal endeuour to attayne ẏ pure waye vntyl thou meteſt me/ I ſhal walke in the innocencye off my herte within my nowne houſe

I ſhal not ſet before me any ſhrewd counſel: the vngodly vnhoneſt I ſo hate them / yͭ thei ſhal not in nowyſe cleue vnto me.

Wyked myndes I abhorre / him yͭ forgeth myſcheif in nowyſe wil I knowe.

Him that ſecretely detracteth his neighbour I wil oppreſſe / the prowd and arrogant I maye not awaye with.

My eyes ſhalbe intent in this worlde vnto yͤ very faithful to dweel with me: and who ſo walke yn yͤ waye of innocencye / he ſhall be my ſeruant.

No deceitful perſone ſhal dwel in my houſe / no lyer ſhall tary in my ſight.

Al wiked perſons wyll I caſt forthe in tyme oute off the lande / ſo

Pſal.102. Domine exaudi the.i.
that al workers of myſcheif ſhal be cut out of the cyte of the lorde.

¶A prayer of the pore afflicte beinge in diſtreſſe/ poweringe forth his complaint before the lorde.

LOrde heare my prayer and let my crying come unto the.

Hyde not thy face fro me in tyme of my tribulacion/ but lyſten unto me when I cal/ ¶ haſte the to helpe me.

For my dayes vaniſhe awaye lyke ſmoke/ ãd my bones are conſumed lyke a fyer brande.

My hert is cut downe and dryed up lyke haye/ for I forſoke to take my nowne meate.

For the noyſe of my ſorowful wailinge my bones ſkant cleue unto my fleſſhe.

I am lyke yͤ pellycane in yͤ wyldernes/and lyke yͤ night fowle in yͤ olde broken celinges.

I wake and am lyke yͤ lytel ſparowe which ſitteth ſolytary without his mate in yͤ rofe of yͤ houſe.

My enymes reuyle me continually: and thei that ieſte vpon me cõſpire my deth.

So that I eat my brede lyke aſſhes and mengle my drinke with teares.

And that euen for thy indignacion and wrath / for thou tokeſt me vppe to caſte me agenſte the growunde.

My dayes are lyke the eueninge clowde: for I am witherd awaye lyke haye.

But thou lorde endureſt for euer and thy mencion is throughe out all ages .

Aryſe thou therfore and haue compaſſion on zion/for tyme it is to pitye it:hir apointed tyme is nowe come.

For thy ſeruantis dyed for yͤ loue of the ſtones therof/ ⁊ it berued them to ſe her broken into poulder.

Haue pyte lorde yͭ the gentils mought fere thy name/and al the kinges of the worlde mought reuerēce thy maieſtye .

Euen whē thei ſhal ſe the(oh lorde) preſerue zion/and appere in thi glorriouſe power.

Whē thou lyſteneſt unto the prayer of the pore deſtitute/ and contempneſt not his deſyeres.

For this thinge ſhalbe left writē unto our poſterite / yͭ the peple to come mought prayſe the lorde.

Because he hath loked forth from his highe holy place/euen frō heuen into the erthe.

To heare the ſorowful wailinge of the bounde in preſone / to looſe them apoynted vnto deth.

That in zion the name of the lorde mought be preched/ and his glorye in Jeruſalem.

In the moſt ful congregaciō/ euē when the kingdomes ſhal be ther gathered togither to worſhip the lorde.

Although in yͤ ſame viage he mineſſhed my ſtrength/ & ſhortened my dayes.

Euen while J thus prayd/oh my god take me not awaye in the midde courſe of my age / for thi yeris are euerlaſtinge.

Thou laydſt the foundaciō of the erth frō yͤ beginning: & the heuens are the worke of thy handis.

Thei ſhal periſhe/but thou ſhalt ſtondfaſte:and all thinges ſhalbe conſumed in tyme/lyke a veſture: thou ſhalt change them like a garment/and thei ſhalbe changed.

But thou ſhalt abyde euer one ād the ſame/and thi yeres ſhal neuer haue ende.

The childerne of thy ſeruants ād their ſead/ſhal abyde and dwel togither with the.

¶A prayſe with thankis for the benefits of our creacion/preſeruacion/and iuſtification

Prayſe yͤ lorde my ſoule: ād al the ſecrete powers of my herte moughte praiſe his holy name.

My ſoule/thanke thou the lorde/ and forget not ſo many his grete benefits.

Which forgeueth yͤ al thy treſpaſes/and healeth al thy infirmytes

Whiche redemeth thy lyfe frome dethe/ and crowneth yͤ withe his benigne mercy and ientlenes.

Which ſatiſfieth thy deſier wyth al maner goodnes/and preſerueth thy youghth euermore floureſſhinge lyke the egle.

In miniſtringe his iuſtice and equite/ yͤ lorde auengeth al yͭ ſuffer wronge.

Unto Moſes he ſhewed his wayes/and his counſels unto yͤ chylderen of Iſrael.

Right mylde and merciful is the lorde: ſlowe unto wrath/ but redy to forgeuenes.

He chydeth not euer/nother is he angry alwayes.

He dealeth not with vs after oure ſinnes: nor rewardeth vs not acordinge to our wikednes.

The heyghth of the heuens is not ſo preſent ouer the erthe/ as is his merciable goodnes ouer them that worſhip him.

He ſetteth our ſinnes as farre frō vs/ as is the eaſt from the weſt

Neuer was there any parente ſo tender vnto his childerne/ as is yͤ lorde vnto them that worſhip hī.

For it is he that knoweth our makinge/ he remembreth yͭ we ar but of duſt.

That yͤ age of man mortall is lyke graſſe: yͭ he flouresſheth lyke a flower of the felde.

Which as ſone as any ſharp winde touche it: it is gone/ nomore founde in his place.

But the merciable goodnes of the lorde/is from euer and euer preſeruinge his worſhipers/as the forme of his rightwiſmakinge is preſent with their childers childern. So longe as they keps his couenant/ and holde his commaundments in mynde to do them.

The lorde hath ſet faſte his ſeat royal in heuen: and with his maieſty emperial he gouerneth al thinges.

Prayſe ye the lorde his aungels/ whiche excell in power to fulfill his pleſures/and to obaye the voyce of his worde.

Prayſe ye the lorde al his myghty hoſte/ his miniſters / and ye yͭ do his pleſures.

Prayſe ye the lorde/al his workis in euery place of his dominion.

He dealeth not with vs after oure ſinnes: nor rewardeth vs not acordinge to our wikednes.

The heyghth of the heuens is not ſo preſent ouer the erthe/as is his merciable goodnes ouer them that worſhip him.

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Prayſe ye the lorde/al his workis in euery place of his dominion.

Prayſe thou the lorde my ſoule.

¶ In this Pſalme the prouidence of god agenſt al creatures/ is praiſed.

Prayſe yͤ lorde my ſoule: oh lorde my god/ it cannot be expreſſed withe how grete myght/ maieſtye and glorye thou arte ornowerned.

Thou arte decked with lyght as with thy garment/ thou ſtretcheſt forth yͤ heuens lyke a cortayne.

Thy dwellinge place is bolted ouer faſt with waters/ yͤ clowdes thou frameſt into thy chariets/ caryed with yͤ ſwyft wynges of the wynde.

Thou makeſt yͤ wyndes thy meſſengers/ as yͤ flames of fyer to be thy miniſtres.

Thou haſt layd yͤ erthe vpon her owne faſt foundacion/ſo yͭ ſhe ſhal neuer fal/nor rele.

Thou haſt wrapped her in with yͤ ſea as it were with hir veſture.

And euen when ouer yͤ mountaīs yͤ waters aſcende:yet at thi rebukinge thei flee:at yͤ noiſe of thi thondringe thei fal downe.

Then yͤ hilles are ſene a lofte/ ād yͤ vales beneth in their place which thou haſt apointed them

Thou haſt limited yͤ waters their bowndes whiche thei maye not paſſe/nether yet turne agayne to ouerflowe yͤ erthe.

Thou ledeſt forthe yͤ ſpringes in yͤ vales/which go thorowe betwene yͤ hilles.

To geue drinke vnto al thy beaſtes of yͤ felde/yͭ yͤ wylde aſſes myght breke their thirſte.

Aboue in the hilles the foules off the ayer haue their habitacions: & ſinge out of the thik braunches.

Thou watereſt the hilles frō thy highe places/ through thi diligēt worke the erth is repleniſſhed with yearly encreaſe.

Thou bringeſt forth graſſe for catel/ and herbes to ſerue man

Out of the erth thou bringeſt forth both fode to ſuſtayne and refreſſhe man: wyne to make glad mānis herte/ and oyle to make him a mery chere.

The trees are made fatte off thy lordeſhip/ and alſo the Cedres off Libanus which thou haſt plāted

That the fowles mought ther neſtle/ as is the furtre an houſe for the ſtorke.

That the highe hilles mighte be ſoucour for the hartis/and the rockes a refuge for the kones.

Thou haſt made yͤ mone to wexe and wanſe / the ſun knoweth his downfallinge.

Than bringeſt thou yn derkenes to make the night/ in yͤ which all yͤ beaſtis of yͤ foreſtis crepeforth.

As yͤ yõge lyõs roringe for their proye/to ſeke their meat apoynted them of god.

But the ſun aryſinge/thei conuaye them ſelf yn agayne / and leye them downe in their dennes.

And then cometh forth man vnto his worke/and to tyl his lande vntyl eueninge.

Oh how grete at thy workis o lorde: which al ſo wyſely thou haſt made/right ful is yͤ erth of thi goodes.

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Thou watereſt the hilles frō thy highe places/through thi diligēt worke the erth is repleniſſhed with yearly encreaſe.

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And then cometh forth man vnto his worke/and to tyl his lande vntyl eueninge.

Oh how grete ar thy workis o lorde: which al ſo wyſely thou haſt made/right ful is yͤ erth of thi goodes.

The ſea alſo is grete and wyde euery wayes/ wheryn are thinges crepinge innumerable / as fiſſhes and beaſtes/ſome ſmal and ſome excedinge grete.

Where vpon ſayle the ſhippes/ & there is the grete whale fiſſhe whom thou haſt made to mocke and playe therin.

Al theſe creatures depende vpon yͤ/yͭ thou ſhuldſt geue them their meat at their tyme.

For/thou geuinge it them/thei take it: and thou openinge thy hande/thei are wel ſatiſfied.

But thou/hydinge thy face / they are ſorowful: and thou takinge awaye their breth/thei are but dead and turned into the erthe yͭ they came of.

And agayn/whẽ thou putteſt forth thy brethe/anon there are thinges created agene:and thus thou reneweſt the face of the erthe.

The gloriouſe maieſtye of the lorde mought raigne for euer/the lorde mought reioyſe in his workis.

At whoſe loke the erth trembleth at whoſe touchynge the hilles ſmoke.

I ſhal ſinge vnto ẏ lorde whyle I lyue/whyle I haue my beynge I ſhal ſinge vnto my god.

My prayer be pleſaunt before hĩ: for I reioyſe in the lorde.

Sinners mought be cōſumed out of the erthe/and the vngodly neuermore to be ſene : but thou /oh my ſoule/prayſe thou the lorde. Halleluia.

¶ In this pſalme/we be taught the prouidēce of god/and how father-ly he tendreth the faithful.

Thanke ye the lorde/magnifie his name:& preche his woundreful counsels to the peple.

Synge and make melody vnto hi comon togither vpon his clere actis.

Prayse his holy name/the hertis of the sekers of the lorde mought reioyse.

Seke ye the lorde incessauntly/ seke his presence and ceasse not.

Remember his grete deadis and miracles which he hath done/ ād also his iugements which he pronounces with his mouth.

Oh ye sead of Abraham his seruāts:oh childrē of Jacob his chosē

It is he yͭ is yͤ lorde our god/whoſe enſamples are knowne throughe al the worlde.

He neuer forgeteth his couenant and promyſe/which he hath ſhewde vnto infinite generacions:

Euen the ſame couenant whiche he ſmote with Abraham/ and his holy othe made vnto Iſaac:

Which he decreed for a lawe with Iacob: and confirmed it withe Iſrael into a perpetual teſtamēt.

Sayinge: vnto the ſhal I geue the londe of Canaan/ to be the lot off thy heretage.

When they were yet but fewe in noumber/& ſtrangers therin.

Goynge from nacion to naciō/frō one kingdome to another peple.

yet ſuffred he noman to hurte them/but chaſtened euen kinges for their pleſure.

Saynge: touche not my anoynted and vnto my prophetes/ſe that ye do no harme.

After this when he had called a famyn vpon yͭ lande / and broken al their ſuſtinance.

Then ſent he before them a man/ euen Joſeph/which was ſolde to be a bonde ſeruant.

Whoſe fete were ſore bownde with feters/a barre of yerne went ouer his breſte.

But by yͤ cõſel of yͤ lorde was he thus proued/ vntyl the tyme yͭ he had ſet/ſhuld come.

And then ſent yͤ kinge commandinge him to be loſed: yͤ prince off yͤ peple commanded him to be delyuered.

And made him ruler of his houſe and lorde ouer al his goodis.

That he ſhulde enſtructe his nobles at his pleſure/ & teche his ſage rulers prudence.

And at laſte came Iſrael alſo into Egipt/and Jacob became a ſtranger in yͤ lande of Ham .

And yͤ Lorde encreaſes his peple there ſo gretely/ yͭ thei were at laſt ſtronger then their aduerſaries

And then thegipcions hertes chãges/they perſecuted his peple/ ãd ſought occaſions deceitfully to trappe his ſeruants .

Wherfore he ſent Moſes his ſeruant/and Aaron his choſen.

And gaue them power to ſhewe wondres/ & to do miracles in yͤ lãde of Ham.

He caſtes derkenes vpon them/ & it was midnight ouer al/for it coude not auoyd his commandment.

He turned their waters into blode/and killed their fiſſhe.

Their land crewiled ful of froggis/yea and that euen in the kynges preuey chambers.

He commaunded it/and anon there came forth ſwarmes off al maner flyes/gnattis/and lyſe /were in al their cooſtis.

For ſhowers of rayne/ he gaue them hayle ſtormes/and lighteninges into their lande.

Wherewith he ſmote their vynes and figtrees/and blaſted their trees through out al their cooſtis

At his worde/there were preſent venomeſe hot flyes/and caterpylers innumerable.

And eit vp al that grene was yn their lande/and deuowered al their frute.

Alſo he ſmote euery firſt begoten in their londe/euen their cheif thinges of al their labour.

And at laſte he led them forth with ſiluer and golde/ nether was there any ſyke in al their tribs.

Egipt was glad of their goynge forth: for thei begane to be afrayd of them.

And here/ yͤ lorde ſtretched the̅ forth a cloude to ſhadewe the̅/ & miniſtred fier to lighte̅ the̅ by night

Whe̅ thei aſked it/he ſent the̅ grete ple̅tye of quailes/& filled the̅ with fode ſent down out of yͤ ayer

He opened the rocke/and there flowed forth waters and made them ryuers in the drye deſerte.

And al becauſe he wolde not forgete yͤ ſacrame̅t of his holy promiſe made to Abraha̅ his ſerua̅t.

He leds forth therfore his peple with grete gladnes/ & his choſen with grete ioye.

And delyuerd them yͤ prouinces of the gentyles/and whatſoeuer yͤ peple has gotē with their labour they now poſſeſed it.

To thentent thei ſhulde obſerue his iuſte pleſures / and kepe diligently his lawe.

Hallelu ia.

❡This pſalme is a thankis geuinge for the olde benefits of god/and an obtaininge of gods fauour.

Hallelu ia.

GEue ye thankis vnto yͤ lorde/for he is euermore benigne and merciful.

Who maye worthely treate his noble actis/and preche his ful prayſe?

Oh how bleſſed be they that obſerue equite/and do right at al tyme.

Remember Vs loꝛde foꝛ thy graciouſe goodnes towers thy peple: ⁊ Vyſyte Vs with thy ſauinge helth

That thy electe myght ſe thy goodnes/ỹ thy folke myght be glad ⁊ thy nowne peculiare peple might clap their handis foꝛ ioye.

We haue offended with out fathers/we be ſinners and haue done wykedly.

Our fathers yet in Egipte conſydered not thy meruelouſe actis/they regarded not thi grete goodnes but rebelled euen at the red ſea.

But yet the loꝛde ſaued them foꝛ his names ſake/to declare his almyghty power.

Foꝛ anon as he rebuked ỹ red ſea

it was dryed vp/ and he led them ouer throughe the depeth as throughe the drye lande.

He delyuered them from the hande of their haters/ & preſerued thē from the power of their enymes.

The waters ouerwhelmed their aduerſaries: ſo that not one of them remayned.

And then they beleued his wordis/ & ſunge him yͤ glorious ſonge

But full ſone after forgote they his workis/ nether wolde thei abide his pleſure.

And they offended him with their impacient deſiers in the deſerte/ they prouoked god vnto anger in the wildernes.

And yet he gaue them their deſier and did put awaye their penurye of which it yrked them ſo ſore.

Then thei angred Moſes in their tentis /and enuyed Aron yͤ lordis holy man .

But the grounde gaped and ſwalowd vp Dathan/and cloſed ouer the chirche of Abiram:

Fier firſt kindled and ſet vpon their congregacion/and many off yͤ vngodly brent vp.

Thei had alſo made them a calfe in Horeb/and fil downe before the grauen image .

And thei caſted away their glory for yͤ image of a calfe eating haye

Forgetinge god their ſauiour/which had done ſo grete thinges in Egipte.

So grete miracles in the lōde of Hā/ſo dreadful thīgis in yͤ red ſea

Wherfore the lorde had decreed to deſtroy thē/had not Moſes his electe man ſteptforth in yͤ article into his preſence to ſuſtayne and beare his furye/ leſt he ſhulde haue caſten them awaye.

Ouer this yet deſpyſed thei ſome tyme yͤ deſiderable londe/ in ſo miche that thei wolde not beleue his wordis.

Then they murmured and ſwelled in their tabernacles/ nether wolde thei obey the commandemēt of the lorde.

Wherfore he lifted vp his hande agenſte them/ to haue ſmyten theȝ downe in yͤ deſerte.

To diſperſe their ſead into amonge yͤ gentils: and to ſcater them amonge yͤ haithen.

Beſydis this thei maryed thē ſelues vnto Baal peor/ & eite yͤ ſacrifices offred to dead ſtockis.

And thus they offended him wi- their owne inuencyons/ wherfore the peſtelence fell yn vpon them.

Then was Pinhas the auenger anon preſent: and the peſtelence ſwaged.

Which thinge was rekened him for a good dede/ for euermore amõge his poſterite.

Thei yet exaſperated him at the waters of ſtryfe/which thĩge made Moſes to be punyſhed for their ſakis.

For they ſo angred yͤ ſpirit of god that he ſpake it playnly with hys lyppes.

That they ſhulde not clene caſte out the gentyls / whome the Lorde had promyſed them to plucke vppe.

Wherfore thei were mengled with the gentils/and lerned the workis of them.

And thei worſhiped their images which brought thẽ to their fall:

As to ſlay their owne ſonnes and daughters/and offere thez vp vnto deuillis

To ſhed the innocent blode of their owne ſones ãd daughters/whom thei offred vnto the images of the Cananites/pollutĩge the erth with their blode.

And that they their ſelues ſhulde alſo be propħaned ⁊ polluted with their own workis/playnge the harlettis with their own deuiſes and inuencions.

A greuouſe fal from God their glory.

Then the lordis wrathe was ſet on fier agenſt his peple/and he abhorred his heretage.

He gaue them vp into the power

of the gentils / and they yͭ hated them were their lordis.

Their enymes oppreſſed them/ they were ſubiectis vnto them

Often tymes he delyuered them/ and thei as ofte rebelled with their owne deuiſes/ For their owne ſinnes therfore wer thei oppreſſed

But yet when he behelde their diſtreſſe/ ād herde their complaints

He remembred his couenant with them/ & for his grete infinite mercye he pytied them.

And gaue them fauour withe all that had taken them.

Saue vs lorde our god/ and gather vs out of the gentils / that we might loaue thy holy name & preche thy glory.

Praiſed be the lorde god of Iſrael from euer into euerlaſtinge/ and

Pſal.107. Confitemini yͤ.iii al peple mought ſaye Amen Halleluya.

¶Thankis for the benefits of the prouidence of god.

Geue ye thankis vnto the lorde: for he is euermore mylde and mercyful.

Let them geue thankis which are redemed off the Lorde/ye and that euen from the power off theyr enymes.

And hath gathered thē from the gentils/frome the eſte and weſte/from the northe and ſouth

When they wandred in the wildernes in a waye not troden / finding no cyte to reſte in.

So hongry and thirſty that their lyues fayled them:

Thei cryed vnto the lorde in their diſtreſſe/and he delyuered thē out of their anxyte.

And brought them into the right waye/that they myght come vnto the cyte which thei ſhulde inhabite.

Let them therfore prayſe the goodnes of the lorde/and his clere workis ſhewed vnto the childerne of men.

For he ſatiſfieth the hongry ſoule/and the thirſtye he filleth right well.

For when they ſate in derknes ād ſhadew of deth/beinge bownde & greued with yerne:

Becauſe they had caſt awaye the commandmentis of god/and prouoked the mynde of the moſt hygheſt.

When he had broght their hertis ful lowe withe laboure/when they laye noman to helpe thē vp.

Thei cryed vnto the lorde in their affliccion/ and he delyuered them from their diſtreſſe.

He led thē forth of the derkenes of that deadly ſhadew/ and broke of their bondis.

Let them therfore prayſe the goodnes of the Lorde / and his clere actis done vnto the chylderne of men.

For it is he that brake the braſon gates/and ſmote the barres of yerne in ſondre.

For when the vnwyſe had gone a wrōge waye/and ſhuld be ſcourged for their own wykednes.

And when their appetyte abhorred al maner meat / and thei were now euen at dethes dore.

Thei cryed vnto the Lorde in their anxyt/and he delyuered thē out of their diſtreſſe.

He ſent his rightwyſe one / and healed them/and delyuered them from their dethe.

Let thē therfore prayſe the goodnes of the Lorde/and his woundreſe deadis done vnto the chyldern of men.

And offre him vp the ſacrifyce of thankis / and preche his workis ioyouſly.

Who ſo clyme the ſeas with ſhippe:and expede their buſynes on the ſea.

Thei know the workis of the Lorde and his merueylous actis whiche he dothe in the depthe.

For at his commandement the wyndye ſtormes aryſe / and lyfte vp hir waues.

Now are they lyfted vp vnto heuen/anone are thei downe as depe as hel/whiche perel vexeth their myndes ſore.

They rele and ſtagger lyke dronken men/and are all at their wittes ende:

But when they crye vnto the lorde in their anxt/he delyuereth them from their diſtreſſe.

He ceaſſeth the tempeſt/and bringeth in the caulme after that he hath ſwaged the ſwellinge waues.

And then thei reioyſe for their quietnes geuen them agen/ and efteſone he bringeth them vnto their deſyered hauen.

Let them therfore praiſe the goodnes of the Lorde/and extol his woundreful workis done for the children of men.

Let them extol him in the congregacion of the peple/and prayſe hi in the preſence of the elders:

Which turneth ryuers into drye londe/and the vaynes of quyke ſpringes into thirſtye ſande.

He maketh the fatte and fruteful region al barayn/for the malice of the dwellers theryn.

Whiche contrarywyſe alſo turneth the drye deſerte into ſwete waters: and the drye ſtouburne clottes into lyuely fountains

And ſetteth there the hongrye to bylde them cytes to dwel in:

To ſowe the feldis/and plant vyneyardes/which mought yilde them their yearly encreaſe.

He noureſſheth and encreſeth th

em excedingly/ and ſuffereth no
their catell to miniſſhe.
But when he miniſſheth and ma
keth them ful poore and lowe/ b
violence / affliccion and ſorowe
When he caſteth thē bonde to th
rulers for a praye/when he ledet
them al aboute by vayne and vo
yd placis where is no waye.
yet at laſt he eaſeth the pore from
his heuye nede/and geueth hi
an howſholde lyke a flocke o
ſhepe.
Theſe thinges mought the iuſt
beholde/and be glad/and let eue
ry maliciouſe ſtop his mouthe.
Who ſo euer thou be and art wy
ſe/marke thou well theſe thingis
that the benefits of god might b
knowne.

¶ A prayer vnto God agenſte vngodly enemes/and for tranquillite and peace.

My mynde is ful bente (oh god) bothe to ſynge and playe thy prayſe with al my herte.

A wake thou my lute/ād my harpe to/that I mought begynne ſpedely a none.

And prayſe the amonge the peple oh Lorde/and loaue the amonge the gentyls.

Becauſe thy goodnes is hygher then the heuens/and thy truthe and faithfulnes is aboue the clowdes.

Be thou exalted aboue heuens oh God/and aboue al the erthe in thy maieſtye.

That thi dere beloued mought be delyuerd: ſaue with thy righthande and helpe.

God promyſed it by his owne holynes (which thinge the mean reaſon is my felicite) ſaynge that I ſhuld diuide vnto my ſelf Sichē/ and the vale of Suchoth ſhuld I meat oute.

Galaad is myne/ Manaſſe is myne/ Ephraim is my cheif ſtrength and Iuda is my leder.

Moab is my ſpecial potte/ vnto Idumea ſhal I ſtretche forth my ſhooes/ vpon Paleſtyne wil I blowe vp trompets.

But who is it that ledeth me forth vnto theſe defenced cytes? who directeth me vnto Idumea?

Is it not thou (o god) which hadſt repelled vs ād woldſt not go for-

the with our hoſte:
And tokeſt awaye oure helpe at oure moſte nedeful vayne therfore is the helthe and helpe whiche is hoped for/of men.
In god therfore ſhal we reken oure preſent victory/for it is he that tredeth downe oure aduerſaries.

¶ In this pſalme is contayned the vengeaunce of god agenſte the perſuers of his worde/ and thankis be geuen him for oure delyuerance & their confuſion.

O god my glorye/ diſſemble not.
For the mouthe of the vngodly/and the mouth of the deceptful are openned agenſt me/and with a lyinge tongue they ſpeke agenſt me.
They circumuent me with tales

forged of odiouſe malyce/ and laye agenſte me with out a cauſe.

For my intire loue/thei were clene agenſte me/and that euẽ while I prayd for them

Thus thei requyted me hurte for my good doyng / and hatered for my loue.

Set ſome cruel tyraunt vpõ him to be his maſter / and ſet his enimye at his right hande.

Whẽ he is preſented in iugemẽt let him be condẽpned /and let his owne defence make his cryme more greuous.

Let his tyme be ſhorte/ and another redy to take his office.

Let his chylderne be ſoucourleſſe and his wyfe deſtitute al helpe.

Let his chylderne be runagates/ beggers/ſekĩg their meat in their harde exile.

Let the extorcioner laye hand vpõ al his goodis/& his enymye pluk awaye his laboures.

Let there be none to pytie him nor none to fauour his fatherleſſe.

Let dethe make an ende of his yſſwe/ſo that in the next generaciõ is name be clene extincte.

But as for the grete ſynnes of his father/let them be by tale tolde before the lorde /aud let not the ſynnes of his mother be forgoten.

Let thẽ be euer preſent before the lorde/but as for yͤ memorial of ſiche mẽ/let it be plucked clene out of the erthe.

Because he neuer remembred to do mercie /but perſecuted the deiecte man / redye to kyll the pore ſorowful in herte.

He loued execrable curſinge / let it therfore fal vppon him ſelfe: he neuer ſought fauour / let it therfore be farre from him.

He wrapt him ſelfe in execracion as in his clothinge / let it therfore pearſe thorowe hym lyke water / and ſynke into his bones like oyle

Let it cleue vpon him lyke his cloke wherewith he is kouered / and ſit to his ſydis lyke his girdle where with he is euer girte

Let this worke chaunce to myne enymes from the lorde / and vpon them that perniciouſly conſpire my dethe.

But thou lorde God deale otherwyſe with me / for thy names ſake for by thy mercy art thou redy to delyuer me.

For I am a pore afflicte abiecte/ and my hert is wounded with yn me.

I go forth lyke the euenynge ſhadowe/and am taken awaye lyke yͤ locuſtes.

My knees folde vnder me for faintnes and ſorowe/and my fleſſhe is ſo dryed vp/that ther is no moyſtenes left in me.

I am made a reuylinge ſtok for them when thei ſe me/thei ſhake their headis at me.

Helpe me lorde my God and ſaue me for thy mercyable goodnes .

That thei might knowe thiſſame to be thy hande/and that thou haſte done it .

Let them curſe blaſphemouſly/ſo that thou beiſt benigne and iẽtle vnto me:let them ryſe agenſte me and be confounded/but thi ſeruāt ſhalbe glad.

Let my aduerſaryes be cled with ignomyny ād ſhame/and be kouered with their owne confuſion as with a cloke.

I ſhal as intyerlye as I can ſpeke forth thankes vnto the lorde/and in the myd multitude loaue him.

For it is he that ſtandethe at the righthande of the pore afflicte: to delyuer him from his condempners.

¶A prophecy of the birth of cryſte/and of his kingdom both here in his chirche/and alſo in heuen.

THe lorde ſeid vnto my lorde ſitte thou on my righthande/vntyl I make thyne enymyes thy fote ſtole.

The ſeptre of thy power/ the lorde ſhal ſende it forthe from zion/ that thou mightſt be emperour in the myddes of thyne enimes.

In the daye of thy triumphe/ thy peple ſhal bring forth their wel willing oblacions with an holy pompe: for the dewe of thy natiuite is ſpronge out of the wombe of the morninge.

The Lorde hath ſworne/ and it ſhal not repēt him: Thou art the preiſte for euer aftir the ryte of Melchiſedek.

The lorde is preſent at thy right hande/ whiche when he is angrye he ſmyteth euen the kinges

He taketh vengeance vpō the gētyls/and filleth all with their karids and ſmytethe the head of the hole worlde.

In his iourney ſhal he drinke off the ryuer/and then ſhal he lyft vp his head.

Prayſe ye the lorde.

¶ This pſalme is a prayſe & thankisgeuinge.

I Shal prayſe the lorde with al my herte/both priuatelye with his faithful / and alſo in the hole congregacion.

Grete are the workis of the lorde and gretely deſyered of al that embraſe them.

His wurk is worthy laude & glorye/and his rightwiſnes endureth for euer.

He hath ſo done his woundrefull cleare actis / that they be worthy to be remembred: mylde and mercyful is the lorde.

He geueth meat to them that fear

him/remembringe for euer his couenaunt.

The vertw and ſtrength of his dedis he ſhewed vnto his peple/ when he gaue them the poſſeſſiōs of the gentyls.

The workis of his handis ar ferme and right/faſte and trwe ar al his precepts.

Cōfirmed into euery age/as thingis decreed and ſet vpon trwthe and equite.

Redempcion hathe he ſent vnto his peple/ he hath commaunded his couenaunt to ſtand for euer: holy and reuerent is his name.

The head of wyſdom is the fear of the Lorde/ oh right and hole mynde which moderath hir wurkis aftir him/ the prayſe of them ſhal endure for euer. Halleluia.

¶ Conſtancye of mynde/ and neceſſary ſubſtance neuer faile the good man.

O blesſed man that fereth god/and aboue all thinges delighteth yn his precepts.

Mighty is his poſterite in ẏ erth the familie of the rightwyſe is bleſſed.

Honour and riches are in the houſe of ſiche a man/and his rightwiſnes abydeth for euer.

In derkenes / the ſonne and light wil ſpringe and ſhyne vpon ẏ rightwyſe/he is mercyful mylde & iuſte.

Pleſaunt ãd profitable is the mã that hath compaſſion ãd lendeth: which alſo waye his wordis with iugement.

For he abydeth euer one vnmoued: the memorial of the iuſte endureth euer.

At euel tydinges he fereth not/for ferme and faſt is his hert by faith in the lorde.

So conſtant is his hert that he dreadeth not/vntyll he ſe the fal off his enymes.

He deuideth and geueth vnto the pore/his iuſtice endureth for euer his victoriouſe power ſhalbe gloriouſly exalted.

Which thingis al/the vngodlye beholdinge/he ſhal frete himſelfe with inuye/grinne and whett his tethe/and be conſumed: ād the deſier of the vngodly ſhalbe fruſtrate. Hallelu ia.

¶ God is prayſed here for his allmightynes.

Pſal. 113. Laudate pueri.

LOaue ye o ſeruaunts of the Lorde/loaue the name of the Lorde.

Prayſed be the name of the Lorde/from hence forth for euermore.

From the ſone ryſing vnto the downe falling/loaued be the name of the Lorde.

The Lorde is excellent highe aboue al nacions/and his glorye aboue the heuens.

Who is to be compared vnto the Lorde our God: which hath ſeteles himſelf to dwel ſo hyghe/and yet ſo humbleth himſelfe agene/that he wil beholde what ſo euer is in heuen and erthe.

He lyfted vp the nedye one out of the duſte: and erectith the pore out of the donghil.

To ſet him amonge the rulers/ euen emonge the Princes of his peple.

He maketh yͤ barayn/to be a glad mother of the houſeholde/at home amonge hir childern. Prayſe ye the Lorde.

¶ A prayſe with thankis where yn the hope of the faithful is cōfirmed

When Iſrael ſhulde come forth out of Egypt/and yͤ houſe of Iacob from that ſtraunge peple.

Thou waſt (oh god) reuerent holye vnto Iuda/and vnto Iſrael their mighty emperowr.

Which when the ſea had eſpyed/ ſhe did flee: ād Iordane gaue bak

The mountains ſkipt lyke rammes/and the litle hill toppes lyke lombes.

What ailed yͤ (oh ſea) to flee? & thou iordane whi wenteſt thou bak?
What made ye / you mountains to leape lyke wethers? and ye hilles to playe like lombes?
At the preſence of the lorde thou trembleſt oh erthe / eſpecially at the preſence of the god of Iacob.
Which tournethe the ſtone into a ponde of water / and the ſtonney rocke into a plentuouſe ſpringe.

¶ The pſal. folowing is a diſtincte pſal. aftir the Hebrews. &c.

NOt vnto vs lorde / not vnto vs / but vnto thy name geue thou the glory of thy goodnes ād trouthe ſhews for vs.
Let not yͤ gẽtyls ſaye: where now (I beſeche you) is their God?
Whē our god is he yͭ is in heuē / & diſpoſeth al thigis accordig to his
But theſe mēnis ima. (godly wil

ges are but ſyluer & golde/ euẽ the wurkis of mennis handis.

Thei haue mouthes & ſpeke not: thei haue eyes and ſe not.

Eares haue thei and hear not/ noſes and ſmell not.

Handes haue thei and hãdle not/ fete and go not/ nor tẽpere thei no voice withe their throte.

Lyke are thei vnto thoſe/ yͭ make thẽ: & vnto thoſe yͭ truſte in thẽ.

But thou o Iſrael/ truſte in yͤ lorde: for it is he yͭ is thy helper & defender

Oh my family of Aarõ truſte ye in yͤ Lorde: for he is your helper and defender.

ye yͭ whorſhip yͤ lorde/ truſte in yͤ lorde/ for it is he yͭ is your helper & defẽder

The lorde mought remember vs/ & take vs vp ĩto his cure/ he mought nouriſſh vp yͤ houſe of Iſrael/ and encreaſe the houſe of Aaron.

He mought bleſſe them that fere the lorde/bothe yonge and olde.

The Lorde mought encreaſe/bothe you and your chyldean.

For ye ar the holy faitheful of yͤ Lorde/which hath made heuē and erthe

Al the whol heuens at the lordis but the erth hath he geuen to the chyldern of men.

The dead loaue the not oh Lorde: nor none of them that be gone awaye forgoten.

But we wil prayſe the Lorde/frō hence forthe into euerlaſtinge.

Halleluia.

¶A thankis geuinge for delyuerāce out of grete anxt and diſtreſſe.

My mynde is wel eaſed ād at reſte/for the Lorde hath herde the voyce of my prayer.

He liſtened vnto me/when I cryed in my grete perel.

Ropes of dethe had cōpaſſed me yn/and helly diſtreſſes had inuolued me: I was fallen into affliccion and ſorowe.

But when I called vpon the name of the Lorde/ ſayng/ Lorde I praye the delyuer my ſoule.

(For mylde ād iuſte is the Lorde/ and our mercyful god.

The Lorde is the keper of the pore humble/ and I was deſtitute all helpe) then he ſaued me.

Tourne the therfore (my ſoule) into thy reſte/ for yͤ lorde hath geuen the thy aſkinge.

Thou verely haſt delyuered my ſoule from deth: myne eyes from teris/and my fete from ſlydinge.

That I might walke right before the Lorde/amonge the lyuinge.

¶The pſal. folowing is al one in nowmber with the former/ withe the Hebrewes.

TRuthe it was yͭ I sayd/ when I ſpake in my vehement afflicciō/when I ſayd in my traunce: Euery man is a lyar.

But what ſhal I requyte the Lorde for al his benefits geuen me: ffor I receyued yͤ holſome cuppe/when I had called vpon the name of the Lorde.

Wherfore I ſhal paye my vowes vnto yͤ Lorde/before al his peple: right preciouſe in yͤ eyes of yͤ Lorde is the dethe of his faithful.

J thāke the Lorde: that thou haſt broken the bondis of me thi ſeruant/of me thy ſeruant and the chylde of thy hande mayden.

Wherfore J ſlaye vnto the offerance of prayſe/ and J magnifye thy name oh Lorde.

My promiſes ſhal J paye vnto the Lorde/before al his peple in the fore courte of the houſe of the Lorde/euen in the middis of Jeruſalem. Halleluia.

¶ Here it is prophecyed of the callyng of the gentyls/by the mercy of God.

PRaiſe ye the Lorde all gentyles: loaue him alſo all peple.

For his merciable goodnes is encreaſed more & more towerd vs: &

his faithfulnes endewerth for euer. Halleluia.

¶ A thankis geuing openly for deliuerãce from our aduerſaryes.&c.

THanke ye the Lorde/ for his euerlaſtinge goodnes and mercye.

Let Iſrael preche forthe his euerlaſting goodnes.

The family of Aron alſo mought preche his perpetual goodnes/

Whoſo fere the lorde/let thē preche his goodnes euerlaſtinge.

Out of my greuouſe diſtreſſe calles I vpon the lorde/ & the Lorde herde me/ and did ſet me at libertye.

The Lorde is with me/I ſhal not fere what ſoeuer man/ maye do to me.

The lorde is mi helper/wherfore

I ſet nought by my enimes.

Beter is it to truſte in the Lorde/ then in princes.

Let al nacions ſtande aboute me/ and yet in the name of the Lorde ſhal I deſtroye them.

Let them compaſſe ⁊ cloſe me yn: and yet in the lordis name ſhal I ſlaye them.

Let them fle aboute me lyke bees/ and enforce to conſume me lyke fyer the thornes/and yet in the name of the lorde ſhal I vaynqueſſhe them.

Let them caſte me down with neuer ſo grete violence:and yet the lorde wil helpe me.

The ſtrength and ſubſtance of ỹ dyte of my ſonge is the lorde:⁊ he himſelfe is my helthe.

The noyſe of mirthe and helthe

is in the tabernacles of the iuſte: for the righthande of the lorde hath goten the victory.

The moſt highe right hande of yͤ lorde/the righthonde of the lorde obtayneth the triumphe.

Oh/wolde god I might not dye/ but lyue:that I might magnifye the workis of the lorde.

Let the lorde correk and chaſtyſe me/but not deliuer me to deth.

Open me the gate of rightwiſnes that I might go thorowe it / and loaue the lorde.

For this is the gate of the lorde: the rightwyſe go in thorow it.

I thanke the/ for thou haſt herde me: and arte become my ſauinge helth.

The ſtone which yͤ bylders reiected; is couched to cloſe vp the top ye of the corner pinnacle.

And this is done thorow the lorde:and it is a miracle in our eyes.

This is the daye which the lorde hath made/let vs be mery and reioyſe there in.

Saue vs lorde we beſeche the/let al thinges now proſper/lorde we praye the.

Oh bleſſed that he is/which is come in the name off the Lorde / we maye wel reken you happy & wyſſh you good luk which ar in the houſe of the lorde.

The lorde god mought ſhyne vpō vs:ornowern ye this feſt daye with bowes and flowers/euen vpp vnto the corners of the auter.

Thou art my god / and I thanke the/thou art my god/whom I extoll.

Thanke ye the lorde for his euerlaſtinge goodnes and mercye.

¶ This pſal. declareth how vayn ar the wordis/ſtudye/and doctryne of men/and agene how fruteful and godly is the doctryne ⁊ waye of the lorde/and how feruent the faithful mynde is in the deſyer of goddis worde onely.

Aleph OH bleſſed innocents/whiche walke in yͤ waye and lawe of the Lorde.

Bleſſed ar they that kepe his teſtimonyes/⁊ ſeke him vnfaynedly.

Whiche committe no wikednes/but go in his wayes.

For thou commandiſt ſtraightly: nothing to be ſo diligently obſerued as thy commandements.

Wolde god that hitherto my ſtepes wolde ſtretche/as to obſerue thy ordinances.

For ſo ſhuld I not beſhamed/ſpecially while I am attente vnto al thy precepts.

I ſhal magnifye the with al my hole herte/if thou techeſt me the forme of thy rightwyſmaking.

I ſhal kepe thy ordinances/forſake me not I beſeke the at any tyme.

Beth By what means els may the yonge man ſo wel kepe his lyfe pure/as by the obſeruinge of thy wordis?

With my hole herte therfore ſhal I ſeke the: but thou/ ſeduce me not from thy precepts.

In my hert ſhal I laye vp thy wordis:that I might the leſſe offende the.

Lorde/neuer ynoughe prayſed:teche me thy conſtitucions.

That I maye yet with my lippes remember all the pleſures of thy mouth.

That I maye more reioyſe in the waye of thy promyſes/ then in infinite riches.

That thi commandements might be my meditacion: and that I mighte beholde thy pathe.

That I might delight in thy precepts neuer to forgete thy wordes

gimel GRaunt me thy ſeruant to lyue/that I might obſerue thy pleſures.

Open my eyes that I myght ſe clerely the miracles which are in thy lawe.

I am but a ſtranger vpon the erthe: but yet hyd not thy precepts fro me.

For my ſoule is broken withe the

deſyer of thy commandmẽts at al tyme.

Thou correckiſt theſe execrable prowde men / which fal frome thy precepts.

Delyuer me from obprobry & contempt / that I myght kepe thy teſtimonyes.

For the rulers ſit and take counſel agẽſt me / but thy ſeruant ſit & thinketh vpõ thy cõmandemẽts.

Thy monycyons are my delight: and my ſenatours.

My ſoule cleueth faſte vnto ẏ grounde: but yet thou refreſ leth: ſhe me accordinge to thy worde. Da.

I ſhal laye open my wayes before the: thou therfore hear me and teche me thy pleſures

Shew me ẏ waye of thy cõmãdmẽts: ãd I wil cõſyder thy meruelouſe dedis.

My ſoule waſteth in me for werynes: confirme me with thy worde.

Take fro me the waye of lyinge/ and acordinge to thy law haue mercy on me.

For I haue choſen the pathe of trwthe/thy iuſte iugements pleaſe me.

Let me cleue to thy promiſes oh lorde: that thou confoundeſt me not.

Let me runne in the waye of thy commandements: in the whiche thou makeſt me a glad herte.

He. Teche me Lorde the waye of thy precepts: that I might kepe it alwayes.

Enſtruct me to kepe thy lawe/ & to obſerue it with al my herte.

Lede me in the pathe of thy commandemens:for they pleaſe me.

Jnclyne my herte vnto thy monicions:and not vnto auarice.

Auerte my eyes leſt they beholde any vanite:and quiken me in thy waye.

Set faſte vp thy wordes before thy ſeruant:that they might moniſſhe him of thy fere.

Turne a waye my ſhame whiche I fere:for ful ſwete ar thy iugements.

And as for thy commandemẽts/ I loue them: ſuſtayne me with thy merciable goodnes.

LEt thy benigne fauour fall vpon me oh Lorde: and thy ſauing helth to/acordinge to thy worde. Vau

That I maye anſwere my reuylers/for I truſte vnto thy promiſe

Let not the worde of trouth in any wyſe go fro my mouthe/for in thy iudgements do I truſte

But let me kepe thy lawe perpetually throwt al yͤ worlde and yet lenger yf there be eny lenger

Let me walke yn ſauegarde/for I ſeke thy commandmentes.

Let me reaſon off thy teſtymones before kynges / and not be confounded.

Let me delyght in thy preceptes/ which I do loue.

Let me lyft vp my hādis vnto thy dere beloued preceptes / and haue thy commandments in my continual meditacion.

Zain Put thy promyſe into yͤ mynde of thy ſeruāt/that thou mightſt confirme my hope.

For this is the thīge that cōfor

teth me in my trouble / it is thy worde that reuiueth me.

The proude contempne me gretely: but let me not ſwarue fro͂ thy lawe.

I remembre thy euerlaſtinge iugementes oh lorde: and I finde grete ſolace.

I quake al for fere to ſe theſe myſcheuous / which forſake thy doctryne.

Thy ordinaunces are my ſonge whyle I am here a ſtranger.

Thy name lorde / I remember be night that I might kepe thi law

Graunt me grace / that I might obſerue thi precepts.

Heth

LOrde thou art my lotte / my mynde is hole bente to kepe thi wordis.

I deſier thi preſence withe all

my herte that thou be merciful to me acordinge to thy promiſe.

Let me conſyder my wayes/ād retourne my fete vnto thy teſtimonyes.

Let me haaſt without ſtoppe to kepe thy commandmentes.

Albeit the bondis of the vngodly holde me captiues: yet ſhal I not forget thy lawe.

At midnight do I ryſe to prayſe the/for thy iuſte iugements.

I am felow vnto al that fere the/ and kepe thy precepts.

Oh Lorde /in whoſe bountuouſe goodnes al the erthe floweth / teche me thy commandments.

Thet BE thou beneficial o lorde/vnto thy ſeruant/ accordinge to thy worde.

Goodnes/diſcipline/and knowle

ge teche me: for I ſeke vnto thy precepts.

Before I was tamed with affliciō/ I ſinned: but now I will obſerue thy worde.

Naturally thou art good/ for that ſame goodnes therfore teche me thy commandments.

The proude laye their lyes before me: but I ſhal with al my hert kepe thy precepts.

Their groſſe hert is as harde congeled as a kidney: but yet ſhall I thinke vpon thy lawe.

Happy am I that I was ſo ſcourged/ for thus haue I lerned thi cōmandments.

Sweter is it to me ẏ doctryne off thy mouth/ then infinite meſure of golde or ſyluer.

Iod THy handes haue prepared & fineſſhed me: geue me vnderſtandinge to lerne thy precepts.

That when thei ſe me / that fere the/thei mought be glad that I cleue to thy worde.

I know it verely lorde/ that iuſte ar thy iugements/for euen of thy faithfulnes thou helpeſt me.

Counfort me therfore withe thy mercye/accordinge to the promyſe made to thi ſeruant .

Let thy ſwete mercyes come vpō me that I might lyue/for thi law is my meditacion .

Let the proude be confounded which deal falſely withe me/ but let me thinke vpon thi precepts

Let them come into my fauour that fere the:which alſo knowe thy monicions.

Let my herte be pure and hole in thy preceptes / that I be not ſhamed.

Caph

My ſoule is almoſt loſt for the deſier of thy ſauinge helthe for I truſte to thy worde.

My eyes at almoſt waſted withe waitinge for thy worde / ſaynge: when wilt thou counfort me?

For I am dried vp lyke a bledder hanged in the ſmoke / but yet thy precepts forget I not.

How longe yet ſhal thy ſeruāt lyue? when wilt thou be auenged of my perſuers?

For the proude / which walke not after thy lawe / haue digged vp a pitte for me.

Al thy precepts at trwe and faithful: lyars perſewe me / helpe thou me.

Thei has almoſt vtterly deſtroid me vpon the erthe/ but yet thy cōmandments forſake I not

Saue me a lyue for thy goodnes/ that I might kepe the ordinances of thy mouth.

Lames

Thy worde/ lorde/ ſtandeth for euer with the heuens.

And thy trouthe endureth frome age to age/ as faſte as yͤ erth made of the.

Acording to thy ordinance they euer abyde/ for all thinges ſerue the.

Except thy lawe has bene my counfort/ I has nowe periſſhed in my affliccion.

I ſhal therfore neuer forget thi cōmaundments/ for with thez thou refreſſheſt me.

I am thine/ ſaue thou me/ for I ſeke thy precepts.

The vngodly laye awayte to deſtroye me/but thy teſtimonies do I conſyder.

I ſe that al thinges created ſhal haue an ende: but thy precept is without ende.

Mem

OH/how loue I thy lawe: whiche only do I thinke vpõ at tyme.

Thy commandmẽt made me wyſer then my enymes: for it is euer with me.

I am become more prudent then al my techers/for thy ſtatutes ar my thought.

I paſſe euen the ſenatours in wyſedom/becauſe I obſerue thy cõmandements.

I plucke bak my fete from euery yl waye/becauſe I wold kepe thi wordes.

I go not from thi iugements: for thou art my goyde.

Oh how ſwete at thy wordis in my mouth: thei excede honey in my lippes.

I vnderſtonde thy precepts/ wherfore I hate euery lyinge pathe.

Nun Thy worde is a lanterne vnto my fete, and lighte vnto my ſtepis.

I haue ſworne and decreed to kepe thy iuſte iugements.

I am troubled aboue meſure/ but thou lorde repayer me accordinge to thy worde.

The redynes of my mouth / lorde I praye the let it ſo pleaſe yͤ: that thou woldſt teche me thy iugements.

My ſoule warneth me continuall

ly:that I forget not thy lawe.
The vngodly ſet ſnares for me/ but yet ſwarue I not frome thy commandments.
Thy teſtimones at my perpetual heretage 'they be alſo the dayntes of my herte.
My herte is euer bente to do thy precepts/and that not without a cauſe.

The vngodly do I hate : but thy lawe do I loue: Samech
Lorde be thou my defender & fore fighter/for I truſte vnto thy promyſe.
Auoide frome me ye yl men / that I maye kepe the preceptes off my God.
Suſtayn me with thy worde/that I maye lyue : ad fruſtrate not my deſier.

Suſtayn me that I be ſalfe / and thinke vppon thy precepts contynually.

But trede them downe al that go from thy commandments / for ful crafty is their deceyte

Thou ſwepiſt awaye al the vngodly of the erth lyke fallen lytell chippes: wherfore I loue thy teſtimones.

My fleſſhe trembleth at thy fere / and thy iugements do I dreade.

Ain. That at euen and iuſte is ſhal I do / geue me not vppe vnto my vniuſte vexers.

Perſuade thy ſeruant that at good is / leſt the proud do me violēce

My eyes waſted withe waitinge for helth from the / and for thy iuſte worde.

Deal with thy ſeruant acordinge

to thy goodnes / and teche me thy commandments.

I am thy ſeruant/teche me to knowe thy teſtimonies.

It is tyme lorde to do this thinge:for thei haue ſcaterde thi lawe

For I loue thy precept aboue golde and preciouſe ſtone.

Wherfore I folowe right all thy precepts and I abhorre euery deceitful waye.

Phe.

Thy ordinances are excellently to be magnified/ wherfore my ſoule obſerueth them

Thy wordis are apert and playne/thei illumyn and geue Vnderdinge to the lytel ons.

Thy precepts do I deſier/ euē as when I am bretheles to draw in my wynde.

Beholde me / and haue mercy on

me/euen as thou haſt mercy vpon them that loue thy name.

Directe thou my ſtepis accordinge to thy worde/ that no vngodlynes raigne in me.

Delyuer me frome the iniuriouſe vexacions of men/that I maye kepe thy lawe.

Loke cheerfully vpon thy ſeruant and teche me thi commandments

My eyen guſſh out water/becauſe thei kepe not thy commandmẽts.

Zadic RIghtuouſe art thou oh lorde/ and right iuſte are thy iugements.

The commandmẽts which thou ordineſt/ar excedinge iuſt & trwe.

Myn owyn zele killeth me/to ſe my enymes contempne thy wordes.

Thy worde inflameth vehemẽtly wherfore thy ſeruant loueth it.

I my ſelfe/though I be but lytle
and contemned/yet thi precepts
forget I not.
Thi rightwiſnes is an euerlaſtig
rightwiſnes/and thy lawe is true
When trouble ⁊ anxt take me/th
en thy promiſes counfort me.
Thi euerlaſtige ordinãces make
me to vnderſtãde/yͤ I might lyue
With al my hole hert I cal vpon Coph
the/ hear me lorde/ that I might
kepe thy commandments.
I cal vpon the to ſaue me/and th
at I might kepe thy ordinances.
I haaſt me ſpedely and cal vpon
the /for I cleue vnto thy promyſe
My eyes preuented the night w
atches / to take my meditacion in
thy wordis.
Hear my voyce for thy goodnes
Oh Lorde / reuyue me as thou

were wont.

For they drawe nighe whiche are farre from thy lawe/ and persecutem e wrongfully.

Drawe thou therfore nighe to/oh lorde: for ferme and faſt are thy promyſes.

Euen frome the beginninge/this knowe I as concerninge thy teſtimones/that thou haſt ſet them to endure for euer.

Res BEholde my affliccion and delyuer me/for I forget not thi lawe .

Take vp my cauſe and defende me/and reuyue me accordinge to thy worde.

Helth is farre from the vngodly for thei ſerche not diligentlye for thy lawe.

Thy mercyes are grete and manifolde (oh lorde) reuyue me after thy wont pleſure.

Be my enymes and perſuers neuer ſo many/yet do I not declyne from thy teſtimones.

When I ſe theſe tranſgreſſors which kepe not thy cōmandmēts thē am I al ful of fere & heuynes

Thou ſeiſt lorde that I kyſſe and embraſe thy commandments / for thy benigne goodnes therfore reuyue me.

Thy trwe worde is of euerlaſtinge/and al thy iuſte iugements ſhal neuer fayle.

Tyraunts perſew me an innocent/but thy wordis my herte reuerently feareth. Shin.

At thy wordes I reioyſe euen as one that chaunceth vppon a riche proye.

I hate and abhorre lyes / but thy lawe I kiſſe and colle.

Seuen tymes a daye I loaue the/ for thy iuſte iugements .

Much peace happeneth to the louers of thy lawe / but no ſclaunder at all.

Thy helth I lokefore o lorde / and thy precepts do I kepe.

My ſoule obſerueth & loueth thy teſtimonyes excedingly

Thy precepts and ordinances ſhal I kepe / for al my lyfe lyeth in thy preſence.

Thau

Let my prayer perſe Vnto yͤ / oh lorde / that accordinge to thy promyſe thou woldſt geue me Vnderſtandinge.

Let my ſupplicacion come Vnto yͤ that acordinge to thy promyſe thou woldſt delyuer me.

My lippes mought ſpeke vppon thy gloriouſe praiſe/when thou techeſt me thy precepts.

My to̅gue ſhal helpe other to ſinge thy worde/for al thy commandements ar iuſte.

Let me haue thy helpinge hande/for thy precepts haue I choſen.

I am holden lorde/with the deſier of thy ſauige helth and thy lawe is al my pleſure.

Let my ſoule lyue that it mought prayſe the/when thou haſt holpen me at thy pleſure.

I wandre out of the waye lyke a loſte ſhepe/ſeke thy ſeruāt/for thi precepts do I not forget.

¶ Theſe.15.Pſal. folowing haue one title/called al yͤ ſonges of the degrees/yͭ is/of thē yͭ encreaſe ād aſcende in goodnes and vertwe.

❡ The Argument.

❡ A prayer agenſt awaite layers/ and euel tongues.

VNto the Lorde/ when I am in trouble do I crye/ and he ſoucurth me.

Lorde delyuer my ſoule from lyinge lippes/and from a deſaytful tongue.

What haſt thou or what geueſt thou/oh fraudulent tongue?

Verely euen ſtronge and ſharpe arows/and alſo hotte burninge colles.

Ah laſſe for that my banyſhment is prolonged/ I dwell in exyle amonge the fierce barbarous.

It irketh my ſoule to dwel amonge theſe haters of peace.

Ffor whyle I thought vpon ❡ ſtudyes for peace/thei bente thēſelfs to batail.

¶ Thargument

¶ Helpe is of the lorde

I Lift vp my eyes vnto the hilles/frō whence helpe is brought me.

My helpe cometh from the lorde/ which hath made heuen and erth

Thy keper wil not ſuffer thy fote dce to ſlyde/thy keper ſlepeth not

The keper of Iſrael nether roughteth not in his ſlepe/nor yet ſlomberth not.

For the lorde is thi keper/thy ſhadowe/euen he that ledethe the by thy righthonde.

So that be daye the ſun burne the not/nor yet the mone be night

The lorde kepeth the from al euil he kepeth euen thy ſoule.

The Lorde kepeth thy outgoyng and thy incomynge/frome nowe and euer.

¶ Thankisgeuinge for the proſperouſe ſtate of the chirche

I Reioyſed to heare those men/ which ſays vnto me: let vs go vnto the houſe of the lorde.

Let our fete ſtonde in thy gates o Jeruſalem.

Oh Jeruſalem/ which art buylded as goodly as any other noble cite/ whoſe citeſens agree al in one.

Into the which cite the trybs aſcende/ euen the trybs of the lorde/ the chirche of Iſrael to aknowlege prayſe vnto the name off the Lorde.

For there is the ſeat of iugement euen the ſeat royal of the houſe of Dauid.

Praye ye for the peace of Jeruſalem/ happy be they that loue her.

Al thinges mought be ſalfe which thou poſſedeſt: plentuouſnes be in thy houſes.

For my bretherne and kinſfolkes ſakis/ I ſhal praye for thy helthe.

For the houſe off the Lorde oure God/ I ſhall endeuower to do the good.

¶ An expectation for the helpe of God.

VNto the/ lift I vp my eyes/ oh inhabitour off the heuens.

For lyke as the ſeruants eyes waite at the handis of their maſters/ and as the eyes of maydens at the handis of their miſtres/ ſo depende oure eyes vppon the Lorde oure God vntyll he hathe mercye vpon vs.

Haue mercy on vs lorde haue mercy vpon vs/for we are filled with miche contempte.

Our ſoule is ouer mich fylled with the obprobriouſe ſcornes of the prowde/and with the reuilings off the diſdaynfull.

Thankis for thauoydinge of perel

Except the lorde had ſtode of our ſyde/tel it forth (I praye the) Iſrael

Except the lorde had ſtode of oure ſyde/when men roſe agenſt vs:

They had now ſwalowed vs vp quyk:when their wrath was kindled agenſt vs / they had ere nowe ouerwhelmed vs lyke waters/like a ſwift ſtronge ſtreme they had taken vs awaye.

Euen now had the waters of the proude perſed vnto our ſoul.

Thanked be the lorde whiche hathe not caſt vs a proye into theyr tethe.

Our lyfe is eſcaped lyke the litle byrd out of the fowlers ſnare/ for the ſnare is broken and we be eſcaped .

Our helpe conſiſteth in the name of the lorde/which hath made heuen and erth .

¶.The conſolacion of the faithful of the rightwiſnes of god.

THey that truſte vnto the lorde are lyke the mounte zion whiche moueth not frome his place/but ſitteth faſt for euer

As Jeruſalem is cloſed rowndaboute with mountayns/ euen ſo doth the Lorde cloſe aboute his peple now and euer.

Leſt the tyrannouſe power of the

Vngodly preaſe vpon the lot of yͤ iuſte/and make the iuſte to extende their handis vnto ſynne

Be thou benigne and ientle (o lorde) vnto good men/which are vpright in hert.

But thoſe men which are auerted vnto their owne malice/ the lorde ledeth amonge the wyked. When Iſrael ſhall haue peace ⁊ helth

¶Thankis for deliuerance out of anxyte or captiuite.

When the Lorde retourned the captiuite of ziō: we were reſtored vnto reſte.

Then were oure mouthes filled with laughter/ and oure tongues with ioye.

Then was it reported euen emonge the gentils/ The lorde hath done merueļous grete actis for theſe men.

And in very dede the lorde wrought meruelous grete thīges with vs/which gretely deliteth vs

Thou haſt tourned (oh lorde) our captiuite/ no nother wyſe then as at the ſouthe wynde the ryuers encreaſe.

They that had ſowen with teres haue reped with ioye.

He that ſometyme wēt his waye ſpedely/and wepinge toke vp his ſead to caſt it forthe/retourneth nowe merelye and iocounde bringinge home his handes full off corne.

¶ Al help and defence is of god.

Except the Lorde ſuſtayne the houſe/they ſwete in vayne yͭ labour to holde it vp & yͤ cite alſo except the lorde kepe it/the watche men do but wake in vayne.

It is but vayn/after your reſte to aryſe erly and eat your brede in ſwet and ſorowe: except he geue ſlepe to his dere beloued.

Lo/theſe are their heretage/ſonnes/wel goten goodes/and the childerne of the lorde.

Oh bleſſed man that he is/which hath filled his quiuer with theſe arows: for thei ſhall not be aſhamed to ſpeke to their enymye euē in the open gates.

What goodnes foloweth the fearers of God.

OH bleſſed men al that worſhip yͤ lorde/& walke in his wais. For ſo ſhalt thou enioye yͤ labours of thi nowns hādis/o how bleſſed & happy art thou

Thy wyfe is lyke a fruteful vyne that cleueth vnto thy houſe ſyde/and thy chyldern ſtande in order a boute thy table / as men ar wont orderly to ſet their yōge olyue trees.

Beholde thus is that man bleſſed whiche worſhipith the lorde.

Thus ſhal the lorde frō zion enryche the/that thou mightſt ſe Jeruſalem to proſpere al thy lyfe.

And that thou moughtſt alſo ſe thy chylders chyldern / and peace in Iſrael.

¶ Iſrael is euer troubled/and euer delyuerd.

Offten tymes haue thei faughten agenſt me/ euē fro my yougth:let Iſrael (I praye you) tel it.

Often tymes haue thei faughten

agenſt me / euen fro my yougthe /but yet did thei not ouercome me.

Thei droue their ploughe vpon my bak at their pleſure/& did cutforth their vorows.

But the rightwyſe Lorde did cut in ſonder their trayſes / that al yͤ hatezion / ſhulde go home agen whith ſhame and confuſion.

Thei be made lyke ſedge to thek howſes/whiche is witherd ere yͤ ſyithe be redye.

Of the whiche / nether the mower fil his hande/ nor yet the gatherer his boſome withe the handefuls.

Where the goers fore by bid them not once god ſpede/ſayng/the lorde ſende you encreaſe / the name of the Lorde be your fortherance.

¶ A feruent prayer for the remiſſion of ſynnes.

Oute of the botomleſſe pitte of my heuy trouble I call vnto the/ oh Lorde: Lorde hear my prayer.

Let thy ears be atttent vnto the voice of my complaynt.

For if thou Lorde/ imputeſt mennis ſynnes vnto them/ Lorde who ſhall not fall:

But thou art mercyful and eaſy to entreat: that we might reuerēce and fear the.

The Lorde is my hope vnto whō my ſoull cleaueth/ and I beleue his worde.

My ſoull is ſet vpon the lorde/ from the one morning watche vnto the tother

Let Iſrael truſte vnto the Lorde/ for with the Lorde is ther bothe infinite mercy and plentuouſe redempcion.

For it is he that redemeth Iſrael from al their ſynnes.

The faithful ſtudieth to be meek

LOrde I exalt not my herte/ nether extolle I my eyes I take not vpō me grete & ſtoute thingis to be woundred at.

But I repreſſe and reſtrayne my mynde as the weaned chylde toward his mother: I am a weanlinge in very dede.

But Iſrael truſteth in the Lorde from now and euer.

¶ A deliberacion of the edifying of the temple.

LOrde/ remember Dauid/ with al his afflicciōs.

How he hathe ſworne ād vowed
vnto the Lorde God of Iacob.
Saying/I wil not entre into the
tabernacle of my houſe / nether
clyme vp into my bedde:
I wil not ſlepe with my eyes/nether
yet once ſlomber withe my
eye liddis:
Vntil I prepare a place for ỷ lorde/
euē a tabernacle for the mighty
God of Iacob.
This place lo/we haue herde in
Ephrata/we haue founde it in ỷ
buſſhy felde.
Let vs therfore entre into his tabernacles/
let vs fall downe before
his fote ſtole.
Aryſe Lorde vnto thy manſion/
thou & the arke of thy ſtrength.
Let thy preiſtis do on rightwiſnes/
and thy faithful reioyſe.

For thy ſeruāt dauids ſake/differre not yͤ coming of thy anoyntes

For the Lorde hathe made a faithful othe vnto Dauid himſelfe/ whiche he wil not chāge/ Of the ſead of thy bellye ſhal I ſet one in thy ſeat royal.

If thy childeryn wyl kepe my couenaunt & my ordinances which I ſhal teche them/ then ſhal the ſonnes of them ſit in thy ſeat roial from age to age.

For yͤ Lorde hath choſen zion/ he hath choſen her for his habitaciō

This quyet place ſhalbe my perpetual reſte/ here wil I dwel/ for ſhe delyghteth me.

I wil augment her yearly frutes and ſatiſfye hir pore mē with fode ynoughe.

I ſhal clothe hyr preiſtis with

helthe/and hir faithful ſhal reioyſe inceſſauntly.

There ſhal I firſt ſetforthe the floureſſhing empyre of Dauid / and prepare the lanterne for my anoynted.

His enimes ſhal I clothe with confuſion: but vpon him ſhal I ſet his floureſſhing corone.

¶ An exhortacion vnto charite.

BEholde how honeſt & ioyouſe a thige it is/ brethern to dwel togither being of one mynde.

It is lyke that preciouſe oyntmēt powered vpon the head and berde of Aaron/runningdowne vnto the ſkirtes of his veſture.

It is lyke the dewe of the hil of Hermon which deſcendeth into the hilles of zion.

For there hath the Lorde promiſed aboundaunce/ and long lyfe to continewe.

An exhortation to watche & praye

ATtende ye al/ oh ſeruaūts of the Lorde whiche ſtande be night in the houſe of the Lorde/and prayſe the Lorde.

Lyft vp your handes before that ſecrete holy place/ and loaue ye the Lorde.

And the Lorde ſhal enryche you from zion/whiche hath made heuen and erthe. Halelu ia.

LOaue ye o ſeruants of yͤ lorde/loaue ye the name of the Lorde.

Which miniſter in the houſe of the Lorde/and in the vtwarde courte of the temple of our God.

Praiſe the Lorde/for the Lorde is

good: ſynge ye vnto his name/for it is pleſaunt.

For the Lorde hath choſen him Iacob: and Iſrael to be his owne ſpeciall peple.

For I know that grete is the Lorde/⁊ our Lorde is aboue al yͤ gods

What ſoeuer it pleſed the Lorde/ he hath made it in heuen ⁊ erthe/ bothe in yͤ ſea ⁊ in all depe places

He bringeth the clowdes frõ the cooſtis of the erthe/ he turneth lightenings into rayne/and bringeth forth the windes from their ſecrete place.

Whiche ſmote the firſt begotẽ of Egypt/bothe of man and beaſt.

He ſent miracles and woundres into the middes of the/o Egypte: he wrought them vppon Pharao and al his ſeruantes.

Whiche ſmote the mighty nacions/and killed ſtronge kinges.

As Sihon the kinge of Thamorrhes/Og kinge of Baſan/and all the kingdoms of Chanaan.

And gaue vp their londe into the poſſeſſion/and heretage vnto Iſrael his peple.

Lorde thy name is euerlaſtinge/ Lorde thy memorial ſtretcheth vnto euery poſterite.

For it is the Lorde that auengeth his peple/ and is graciouſe vnto his ſeruants.

The images of the gētyls ar but ſiluer and golde / euen the worke of mennis handis.

Thei haue mouthes/but thei ſpeke not:and eyes / but thei ſe not: eares haue they and hear not/and noſtrel alſo/but yet cometh their

no breth oute of their mouthes.
Thei be lyke vnto them that make them/and al that truſt in thē.
But thou/o houſe of Iſrael/ loaue thou the Lorde/ o houſe of Aaron preiſe the Lorde.
Oh houſe of Leui prayſe the Lorde/ye that worſhip the Lorde/loaue the Lorde.
The Lorde whiche dwelleth in Jeruſalem/be prayſed in zion.
Prayſe ye the Lorde.

¶ An open thankis geuinge.

GEue ye thankis vnto the Lorde/ for he is good/ and his mercye endurethe for euer.
Geue ye thankis vnto the God of al goddis/ for his mercy endureth for euer.

Geue thankis vnto the Lorde of Lordis / for his mercy endureth for euer.

Which alone doth grete woundres / for his mercy endureth for euer.

Whiche hath made the heuens with highe wyſedō / for his. &c.

Whiche hath layd open the erth a boue the waters / for his mer. &c.

Whiche hath made yͤ grete lightis: for his mercye. &c.

The ſonne to haue the preeminēce of the daye / for his. &c.

The mone and the ſterres to bere rule in the night / for his mer. &c.

Whiche ſmote Egypt with her firſt begoten: for his mercye. &c.

And led Iſrael from out of yͤ middes of them / for his mercy. &c.

With a ſtronge hande / and forth

ſtretched arme: for his. ⁊c.
Whiche diuided the red ſea into
partes/ for his mercy. ⁊c.
And led ouer Iſrael through the
middis of it: for his mercy. ⁊c.
But Pharao with his hoſte/ he
wrapped in the red ſea/ for his. ⁊c
Which led his peple thorow the
deſerte/ for his mercye. ⁊c.
Which ſmote the grete kingis:
for his mercye. ⁊c.
And killed ỷ ſtrõge kĩgis/ for. ⁊c.
Shiõ kĩge of thamorrhes/ for. ⁊c.
And Og kinge of Baſan/ for. ⁊c.
And delyuered vp their londe into
the poſſeſſion/ for his mer. ⁊c.
Into the poſſeſſion of Iſrael his
ſeruant/ for his mercy. ⁊c.
Whiche/ when we be throne downe/
yet he remẽbreth vs/ for. ⁊c.
And loſeth vs from our enemyes/

for his mercy endureth.&c.
Which fedeth euery beaſt/for his mercy endureth for euer.
Thãke ye yͤ god of heuẽs/for his mercy endureth for euer.

¶The lamentacion of the captiues in Babylon with a thretening of the vengeance of god.

WE dwelt at the flowdes of Babylon/and wept when we remembred zion.
There had we hãged vp our harpes on the ſalow treis.
And when thei that helde vs captyue requyred of vs our ſonges and thankful pſalmes/ſayng/ſynge vs of your ſonges of zion: we anſwerde.
How ſhulde we ſinge the ſonges of the Lorde in a ſtrange londe?

Not with ſtonding yet ſoner ſhal I forget my nown right honde/ then Jeruſalem ſhulde fall fro my mynde.

Let my tonge leſe hir vſe/if I forget the/ let it cleue to my chawnes if I preſerre not Jeruſalem in my mirthe.

But Lorde remember the Idumes how thei dealt with vs in yͤ miſerable calamite of Jeruſalem/ how thei ſeyd/ Subuerte it/ and turne it vp ſodowne.

Oh Babylon/ thou ſhalt come vnto as miſerable a deſtruccion thy ſelfe: happy ſhal he be that ſhal requyte the worthely/ ſeruīg the as thou ſeruedſt vs.

Oh happy man whiche ſhal take vp thy infantis/ and caſte them agenſt the ſtones.

¶ Thankis for our dayly benefits

I Shal thanke the with al my herte/ I preiſe the eue̅ emong the higheſt.

I ſhal faldowne proſtrate in thy holy te̅ple/and magnifye thy name/bothe thy mercy and trouthe/ for thy worde thou magnifyeſt according to thy name.

When I cal vpo̅ the/thou anſwereſt/and enricheſt my ſoule with thy ſtrengthe.

Al the kinges of the erthe/ when they ſhal heare the wordis of thy mouthe/they ſhal magnifye the/ Oh lorde.

And ſhal ſinge aftir the ordina̅ce of the lorde/becauſe yͤ right grete is the maieſtye of the lorde.

For the lorde/althoughe he be excellent highe/yet he ſeith lowe thingis/and knowth highe thingis a farre.

If I walke in the middes of tribulacio͂/thou refreſſheſt me/ thou ſendeſt thy powre into the furiouſe wodenes of my enimes/and ſaueſt me with thy right honde.

The lorde maketh me ſuer on euery ſyde/lorde thy goodnes is euerlaſtinge / the workis therfore of thy hondis ſuffer thou not to fal.

¶ The clere goodnes of the dyuyne wyſedom is deſcribed / with a prayer agenſt the vngodly.

LOrde / thou enſercheſt me depely/ ⁊ enſieſt me perfitly Thou knowſt how I muſt ſit down/and how I ſhal ryſe agene/thou prouideſt me my lyuig a farre of.

My iourney and my ſitting dow-

ne thou diſpoſeſt/and ſeiſt al my
wayes.
yet there is not one ſo lytle a wor
de vpon my tonge/but lo Lorde
thou/thou knowiſt it before.
Before ⁊ aftir thou haſt faſſhioned
me/⁊ haſt put to thy nowne hāde
And that with a craft more mer
uelous and highe thē I can kno
we or comprehende.
Whother ſhulde I flee from thy
ſpirit? or from thy preſence/who
ther may I auoide?
If I ſhulde clyme into heuē/the
re thou arte:if I ſhulde rūdowne
to hel/lo there art thou not abſēt
If I ſhulde take me the winges
of the morninge/and dwel in the
fardeſt coſtes of the ſea.
Euē there yet is thy hāde redy y^t t
take me/⁊ thy righthāde hath m

yet whẽ I thus decre with my ſylf parauẽture derkenes maye hyde me/ſo yͤ the night may be my light Now / nother is the derkenes ſo thicke but that thou ſeiſt thorow them/ye the night is as bright to the/as is the light/ night and daye to the be bothe one.

For it is thou that poſſedeſt my raynes / thou inuoluedſt me in my mothers wombe,

I thãke yͤ/for I am meruelouſly made/meruelouſe at thy workis/ as my mynde vehemently aknowlegeth.

My bones at not yet hyd frõ yͤ/ in how ſecrete ſoeuer a place I am made/euen withe in the ſecretes of the grownde.

Thy eyes enſee my fawtes/ and in they boke at thei al writen / my

dayes wer faſſhioned/whē as ye
there was not one of them.

Oh God/ how preciouſe ar th
frendes vnto me ? how grete i
the nowmber of the cheife of thē

Whē I go aboute to tell thē/th
excede the ſandes of ẏ ſea: I a
a wake yet/and preſent with th

Oh god/wilt thou not ſlaye th
ſe ſynners / that the wiked me
might once auoide from the?

Whiche ſo boldely rebell agen
the:euen thy enimes whiche ſe
up their briſtles ſo temerariouſ
agenſt the.

Do I not hate thē that hate th
oh Lorde/I am hangry with th
aduerſaries?

I hate them verely and that e
cedingly/for that now thei ar a
ſo be come my enimes to.

Trye me oh god/ & ſerche my herte/ proue me & know my thoughtes. And if thou ſeiſt me in any laborouſe wyked waye/ reduce & tourne me into yͤ waye euerlaſtige

¶A prayer for the delyurance frō the euil ſayers and a wait layers/ threteninge a ſharp ende vnto the vngodly and ioyouſe ſucceſſe vnto the goode.

Delyuer me lorde frō the wiked man/ kepe me from the cruel man.

Whiche conceyue ſhrewes counſels in their hertis / and ſtere vp ſtrife continually.

Thei whette their tonges lyke ſerpēts: thei nouriſh edders venō with in their lippes .*Sela.

*ſo theido.

Preſerue me lorde/ from the handes of the vngodly/ ſaue me from the cruel tyraunts whoſe mynde is to ſupplant my ſteapes

For the prowd haue hydē preuely a ſnare for me/ they haue bent for me a nette: & which waye ſo euer my waye lyeth/ thei haue layd me stombling blokes. *Sela.

* So thei haue.

Wherfore I ſaye vnto the Lorde/ thou art my God/ lorde hear the voice of my prayer.

Lorde be thou my mighty ſaluacion/ kouer my head ī tyme of batail

Leane thou not oh lorde vnto the deſyers of yͤ ongodly/ finiſſh not his enforcemēts/ leſt he be to prowed. *Sela

* No do not

Let their own laborouſe deuices be whelmed on their owne headis/ which circumuent me.

Let burning coles fal vpō thē/ let them be caſt into the fyer and pitte/ ſo that they may not ryſe.

A mā ful of wordis let hī not ſtād faste vpō yͤ erthe/a violent ⁊ euil man let thē be honted vnto dethe.
For I know ſuerly that the Lorde auengeth the pore afflicte:and delyuereth the deſtitute al helpe.
But yet ſhal the rightwiſe magnifie thy name/and the iuſte ſhal walke in thy preſence.

¶ Dauid praith that his mouth be kept / that he chanceth not into yl company/nether fall not into the handis of the wyked.

LOrde/the do I call vpō:haſt yͤ vnto me/ attēde vnto my noyſe crying vnto the.
Let my prayer be encēſe aſcēding before yͤ/⁊ theleuaciō of my handis be the euening ſacrifyce.
Set a keper oh lorde vnto my mouthe/⁊ watchers at the gate of my lippes.

Suffre not my hert to ſlyde vnto
any euel thinge/ſo yͭ J folowe not
yͤ cou̅ſail ether of yͤ vngodly / or
of any ſinful men/leſt J be parta
ker of their pleaſaunt proyes.
Let the iuſte man beat me/ and ſo
ſhal it be accept vnto me/let him
corrTek me/vnd ſo ſhal he anoynt
my head /and not hurte it/but yet
for the euil deadis of theſe men
ſhal J praye.
Their iuges ſto̅bled at the ſtone/
but yet gaue thei heed to my wor
dis/ for thei wer right glad to the̅
Our bones lye ſcatred before the
graue: no nother wyſe the̅ whyle
one kutteth & diggeth vp yͤ gro-
But vpo̅ yͤ oh lorde my (wnde
god/ar my eyes ſette/in yͤ do J tru
ſte/draw thou not out my ſoule.
Preſerue me fro̅ the ſnare which

thei haue bent for me/and frõ the ſtombling ſtones of theſe miſcheuouſe doers.

Let the vngodly fall into their owne nettis/whyles I in the meã tyme paſſe ouer them.

¶ A praer of one in diſtreſſe.

Unto the Lorde do I crye ful lowde: vnto yͤ Lorde I make my ſupplicaciõ.

I powerforth my complaint before him/ and my tronble before him do I lay forth: whyle my mynde is almoſt in diſpayer.

For vnto the is my waye wel knowne/but yet in this waye wherein I go thei haue ſet preuy ſnares for me.

Conſyder at my right hande and beholde/and thou ſhalt not fynde one that wil know me/all refugy is taken fro me/nether is there any that helpeth to ſaue my lyfe.

Vnto the therfore do I crye oh lorde/and I ſaye/ thou art my hope and my porcion in the lāde of the lyuinge.

Attende vnto my prayer for I am very pore and feble/delyuer me fro my perſuers/for thei preuaile agenſt me.

Lede my ſoule forth of preſon yͤ I might magnifie thy name/whiche thing if thou graunteſt me/ the iuſte ſhal aſſociat themſelf with me.

¶A prayer of one in diſtreſſe.

LOrde hear my prayer/vnderſtande my deſyer for thy trouthe and rightwyſnes.

But yet entre not into iugement with thy ſeruāt/for thou beig th-

accuſer/ no mā mortal is abſolued
For the enemye is preſent at my lyfe/to trede it vnder his fete/and to laye me in the perpetuall derkenes of the deadmen.

Wherfore my mynde with in me is vncertayn/ and my herte with in me deſpaireth.

yet remember I the olde tyme/I forgete not all thy workis/as the workis of thy handis I call vnto mynde.

I ſtretch forth my handis vnto the / my ſoule cryeth vnto the from the theirſty lande. Sela. ſo it dothe

Haſte the Lorde to helpe me / for my ſpryte faileth me / hyde not thy chere fro me /leſt I be lyke men going downe into their graues.

Shew me ſwiftly thy merciable goodnes/ for in the do I truſte/ ſhew me in what waye I maye go/for vnto yͤ I directe my mynde

Delyuer me Lorde / fro my enimes/for vnto the do I fle.

Teche me to worke thy pleſure/ for thou art my God.

Thy beninge ſpirit mought lead me forth into the londe of innocencye.

Refreſh me Lorde for thy names ſake/and for thi rightwiſnes lead my ſoule out of diſtreſſe.

Alſo/for thy mercys ſake ſcater my enimes/and deſtroye all that moleſt my ſoule / for I am thy ſeruant.

¶ Thankis geuing / and a prayer for the delyuerance from our enimyes.

Thankis be vnto the Lorde my refugy: which enſtructeth my hãdis vnto batail and my fyngers to fyght.

My expectaciõ/my bolwerck/my caſtel/my redemer/my ſhylde/in whom I truſt/which gouerneth my ſubiect peple.

Lorde what is man that thou acknowlegeſt him: what is mã mortal yͭ thou thus regardeſt him:

Mã is lyke a thĩge of naught/his dayes paſſe ouer lyke a ſhadewe.

Lorde/when thou boweſt down thy heuens to deſcende thou toucheſt the hilles/and thei ſmoke.

When thou lighteneſt/thou ſcatereſt them/thou ſhoteſt forth thy dartis and deſtroyſt them.

Put down therfore thy honde frõ aboue/delyuer & take me vp frõ theſe vehemēt grete waters/euen from the violence of the vngodly

Whoſe mouthes ſpeke lyes/and their right hond is ful of deceait.

That I might ſinge vnto the/oh God/a new ſonge: that I might ſing vnto the with a ten ſtringed lute.

Which enricheſt kinges with helthe: which haſt delyuerd Dauid thy ſeruant from the dent of ſwerde.

Delyuer me from the hande of aleaūts: whoſe mouthe ſpeke vanites/and their righthand ful of deceait.

That our ſones/ from their yougth myght growe lyke plantes/ and our daughters mought ſhyne lyke the poliſſhed pylers in ỹ tēple

Let our garners & ſtore houſes be

ful & well ſtored with al thĩgis: and our flockis in our villages encreaſe into thouſãdys and hondreds thouſandts.

Let our oxen be ſtronge to labour/ let there be no ruyne / no breache/ no complaynt crying out in our ſtreatis.

Oh happy peple whoſe goodis ſtande in this ſtate/ Oh happy peple vnto whõ ẏ lorde is their god

¶ God is prayſed for his omnipotency/ goodnes/ prouidẽce/ & iuſtice

I Shal extol the/ oh god my kinge: I ſhal praiſe thy name for euer.

At al tyme ſhal I magnifie the/ & prayſe thy name for euer & euer

Grete is the Lorde/ and aboue al praiſe/ nether may his gretenes be ſerched.

One poſterite ſhal ſhew thy workis to another:and prech forth thy power.

I ſhal ſpeke forth / thy honour/ thei clere fame/thy magnifycẽce/ and thy actis neuer to be forgotē.

The memorial of thy infinite mercy ſhal be preched/ & yͤ forme of thy iuſtificacion ſhalbe ſungē.

Mylde & merciful is yͤ Lorde/ſlowe vnto wrathe & redy to forgeue

The lorde is benign to al mē/his mercy ſhyneth in al his workis.

Wherfore/al thy workis/oh lorde/preche yͤ/& thy faithful thāke yͤ

They preche yͤ glory of thy kingdom/ad declare thy power.

That thei might tell forth thy power/thy clerenes/and thy gloriouſe kingdome vnto other men.

Thy kingdom is through out al

wordis thy empery endureth through al ages.

The lorde holdeth vp al yͭ ſhulde fal:& lifteth vp agē thē yͭ be down

Al eyes wait vpō the/ & thou geuest thē their meat in their tyme

Thou openeſt thy hande/& filleſt euery beaſt plentuouſly.

Rightwiſe is yͤ lorde in al his wayes:and holy in al his workis

The lorde is preſent with al that cal vpon him/ſo longe as they cal on him of faith .

He acompleſſheth the deſire of thez that reuerētly fere him: he hereth their cryinge/and helpeth thē

The lorde defēdeth al yͭ loue him but al the vngodly he ſcatereth

My mouth mought ſpeke his prayſe/ād euery thinge lyuing mought celebrate his holy name for e-

Er

uer and ey. Alleluia.

¶ Onely god is to be truſted vnto

LOaue the lorde/my ſoule.

Whyle I lyue ſhal I loaue
the lorde : I ſhal ſinge vnto my
god whyl I ſhal haue my beinge.

Truſte not vnto princes/nor vnto
any other man/in whõ there is no
Ffor whẽ yͤ breth goeth out (helth
of mã/he retourneth vnto his erth
and thẽ are al his thoughtis gone

Oh happy mã whoſe ſtrẽgth is yͤ
god of Iacob/whoſe hope is in yͤ
lorde his god.

Which hath made heuen/the erth
the ſea/and whatſoeuer is in thẽ:
which kepeth promiſe for euer.

Which auengeth mẽ violently op
preſſed/⁊ geueth meat to the hon-
gry: happy is he yͭ calleth vnto yͤ
lorde/which loſeth mẽ bounde in
preſon.

vnto the lorde (I ſaye) which geueth ſight vnto the blynde/ & lifteth vp men fallen: vnto the lorde/ which loueth the iuſte men.

Which taketh vp to him/ the ſtrāgers: ād defendeth the fatherleſſe and the wedowe/ but the waye off the vngodly he dampneth.

The lorde thy God / o zion/ raygneth for euer/ worlde without ende. Alleluia.

Laude ye the lorde / for good it is to ſinge vnto our God: a glad and fayer thinge is it to loaue him altogither.

For the lorde reſtoreth Ieruſaleꝫ and gathereth togither the diſperſed peple of Iſrael.

He heleth the contrite in hert/ and bindeth vp their woundis.

He telleth yͤ innumerable ſtarres

ad calleth thez al by their name

Grete is our lorde/⁊ infinite is his powr/⁊ icõprehẽſible is his wiſdõ

The lorde eaſith thafflicte/⁊ throith down the wykes to the erthe.

Singe ye in courſe to yͤ lorde his prayſe/ſing to our god with harpe

Which couerth yͤ ſkye with clowdis to prepare rayne for yͤ erthe: which decketh yͤ hilles with grene

Which geueth our catel ⁊ flowers their fode/and euen the rauens that cal vpon him/he fedeth.

He delyteth not in the ſtrength of horſemen/nether in the armes leggis of ſoudyers.

But he reioyſeth in thẽ yͤ reuerence him/and truſt vnto his mercy.

PRaiſe thou the lorde o Jeruſalẽ: loaue thy god/o ziõ

Which ſtrengtheneth the

barres of thy gatis/ād geueth thy citezens proſperouſe ſucceſſe.

He ſettith peace with in thy cooſtes:and filleth the with the flower

Which whē he ſendith (of wheat his cōmādmēt into the erthe/ full ſwiftly runneth his worde.

He geueth yͤ ſnow lyke wul/ I ſcatereth yͤ froſty ryme lyke aſſhes

He caſteth forth his yiſe lyk ſmoth ſhyuers/who may abide his cold:

Agene/at his commandmēt/al is melted awaye/he turneth his winde/and anon the ryuers runne

He expowneth his worde to Iacob:his pleaſures and godly actis vnto Iſrael.

yea/& that euen ſo/as he did not to al the gētils/which know not his pleſures. Allelu ia.

¶ Here ar al creatures exhorted to praiſe god

LOaue ye the lorde frō heu
praiſe him ye that ar aboue
Praiſe hi al his aungels/lo-
aue him al his hooſte.
Praiſe him ſunne ād mone/ loaue
him al ſtarres ſo bright.
Praiſe him moſt excellent heuēs
⁊ waters which ar vnder yͤ heuēs
Praiſe ye yͤ name of yͤ lorde/for at
his cōmādment al thinges ar cre-
Which he hath ordined to (ated.
endure for euer/he hath geuen thē
a lawe which ſhal not be broken.
Praiſe ye the lorde alſo frō the er-
the/whalis and al depeneſſes
Ffier ⁊ hayle/ſnow ⁊ vapours ſtor
my wynde/yͤ workis of his worde
Mountains and litle hilles/frute-
ful trees/with al the cedres.
Beaſts and al helpinge beaſtis/al
that crepeth/ and fethers fowlys.

kynges of the erth/ & al peple/ rulers and al iuges of the worlde
yongmen and maydens/ olde men and children.

Prayſe ye the name off the Lorde/ whoſe name onely is highe/ whoſe praiſe excedith heuen and erth.

Which hath reſtored the powr of his peple/ which is the glory of al his faithful/ euen of the childern of Iſrael the peple that worſhip him. Allelu ia.

SInge ye vnto the lorde a new dyte/ his laude mought ſownde in the chirche of the faithful.

Let Iſrael reioyſe in his maker/ and the childern of zion in their kinge

Let them magnify his name in daunſes/ with tympanyes & harpes ſinginge vnto him

For the lorde is wel pleaſed with his peple/which reſtoreth the aſflicte vnto helth.

Let his faithful reioyſe gloriouſly let thē ſinge within their chābers

The extollinge of god be in their mouthes/and in their handis two edged ſwerdis.

To be auenged of the gentils/and to correcke the peple.

And that thei maye bynde kinges with chaines/ād fetter the rulers of them with gyues.

To be auenged of thē/as it is writen: This glory mought come vpō al yͤ faithful of yͤ lorde. Allelu ia.

PRayſe ye the lorde in his ſecrete holy place/loaue hym for his almighty power

Loaue him for his noble and mighty actis/praiſe hī for his infinite gretenes.

Loaue him with the ſowne of shaulme/praiſe hi with lute & harpe Praiſe him with taberet and daunſe/loaue him with krowds and orgayns.

Praiſe him withe lowd cymbals: loaue him with ſofte Virginals.

Whatſoeuer thinge is endewed with breath: let it prayſe the lorde Alleluia. Praiſe ye the lorde.

¶ Thus endeth the text of the
Pſalmes/tranſlated oute
of Latyne by Ge-
orge Joye. The yere of
our lorde M.D.
xxxiiii. yͤ
mo-
neth of Auguſte.

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Martyne Emperowr.1534.